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NOVEMBER



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the JESUS LIZARD

Liar

Liar was recorded in May 1992 at Chicago Recording Company with Steve Albini. If possible, this album is even more textured, more precise, more chaotic, more surreal than *Goot*. It has all the pain, all the sex, and all the power of its predecessor, but takes them even further, spurred on by Yow's animal howl.

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Thank God for THE JESUS LIZARD.

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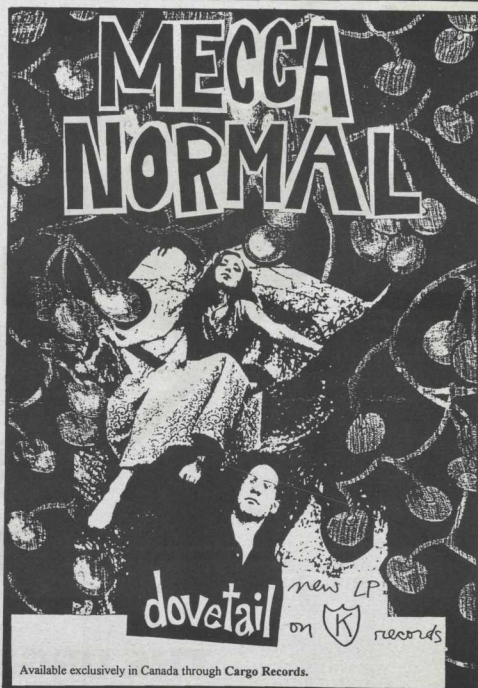
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w/ The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion



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DISCORDER

NOVEMBER 1992 - ISSUE #118

"Out with bad air, in with the good," is what Wilma said to Fred "Troy" Flintstone after a heinous surfing accident at Stoney Beach... Wilma was a profound woman.

IRREGULARS

ROYAL TRUX

Tonka, Tonka, Tonka, Tonka.....13

HUMP

Hey, Get Your Dog Off My Leg.....15

URGE OVERKILL

Brought To You By The Makers Of Mr. Prolong, Better Known As Urge Overkill...The Pimping Of The Pleasure Principle.....16

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COVER

Celebrating their recent signing to DGC/MCA, the men of URGE kick back in a style only known to them...and the staff of Discorder.

COMICS

EVERYTHINGS DUCKY

by Blaine Thurier.....23

THE BLANK GENERATION

by Gary Wildeman.....30

OFFICE USE ONLY

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Deadline for ads and submissions are a lot earlier than normal for DGC and Jan...call us and find out for yourself @ (604) 622-3017.

"Willmazazazazazazazazaz!!!" - Fred Flintstone.

CTR 101.9 FM is 1800 watts of neurgetic bliss from UBC to Langley, Squamish, and points beyond. We're also on all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland except Shaw in White Rock.

Discorder is 32 pages of punk rock readability put together by an overworked and underpaid staff of elitist snots who think they know everything and anything about everything you don't...and have the right to tell you about it. We'll also tell you the meaning of "alternative" which we have hermetically sealed in an empty skipper. Peanutbutter jar...for a Ucy sun and your firstborn.

Office hours for CTR, Mobile Sound, and Discorder are Monday-Friday, 10-4. Call CTR @ (604) 622-3017, our offices @ 622-3057, our news + sports @ 222-2467, fax us w/ CTR @ (604) 622-3161, or write: Discorder, 622-6138, 5188 Boulevard, Vancouver, BC, CANADA V6T 1Z1.

BLUE JAYS, EH

SATURDAY

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GUYS: IF YOU'VE GOT THE BOD, FLAUNT IT!

TUE

RETROBUTION
NEW WAVE/
DANCE
T R A X S
1977-1987
D.J. DEFCON I

WED

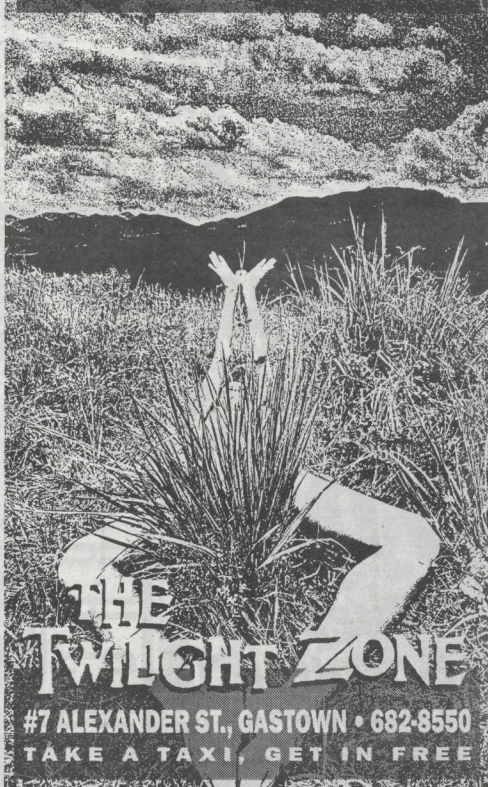
SHELL
SHOCK
MINISTRY,
NITZEREBB, DOA,
KMFDM, HELMET,
PIXIES, ETC.....

THU

NRG-DOME
ACID
TRIP
D. J.

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103

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Listen up folks, I'm really tired of the debate this page has been the forum for lately. It seems everybody thinks they're in the upper echelon of the local underground, and therefore know all the answers, and definitions, in regards to the omnipotent "alternatives." If you don't have anything bold, creative or strongly un-opinionated to say (stupid does not count)...don't waste my time. I miss the days of being a fader-like figure whom you could come up with probing questions; I miss the pathetically witty attempts at making you laugh; I miss the

old "Airhead."

You've all turned me into a snide and constantly defensive prick and I, and the rest of the reading collective, hate you for it. So, from this day forth, keep your "alternative" sentiments limited to round-table discussions, as a topic at your next community meeting, or just keep them to yourself. If you're really gung-ho about voicing your blindly unoriginal ideas, approach the clubs and people that you have a problem with, but please, be kind enough to keep it out of my face.

FUCK ALTERNATIVE ...AND THE HORSE IT RODE IN ON!

Now, hopefully I didn't scare to many of you away with that tirade, actually my intentions are quite the opposite, because *Discorder* is on a writer recruitment. If you are a competent writer, with some well honed and distinctive journalistic skills, from the Bellingham area...*Discorder* is looking for you.

It is no surprise to anyone that Bellingham has always been a mecca for arts/music related action and, frankly, we just can't keep up with it well enough. *Discorder* is looking for reviewers, feature writers and anyone with an initiative. If you're interested and feel that you can fill these shoes contact our editor c/o the address on the masthead and we'll start you on your way to a life of fame and...well, uh, FAME!

No point in stopping there, here is a callout to all of you poets and fiction/non-fiction writers! For quite awhile now, the pages of *Discorder* have gone without the regular submissions from said writers and we apologize. Then again it wasn't entirely our fault, at the rate in submission dropped substantially. So, we're going to make it up to you die-hard poetry/fiction/non-fiction writers/readers by commencing the printing of said works on a monthly basis. Follow the instructions stated above and send your story to *Discorder* Fiction c/o *Discorder*.

That's about it for business and gripes, but before I leave you with ink on your fingers and a bad taste in your mouth I feel it's my duty to play a good-citizen role and inform you about some Crime Stopperish happenings.

One of our associate radio stations in Sudbury, Ontario was the unfortunate victim to an atrocious robbery. It seems that Carl Jorgensen and the staff at CFLR Radio of Laurentian University were stolen of everything vital to the daily operation of radio station. Well, without having to get into gory details, the cost of replacing all the stolen equipment is going to run them a pretty high sum, but even harder to replace are all the compact discs and cassettes which were sent to the station over the past who-knows-how-long.

So listen up west coast American/Canadian artists/faders...if you have sent some of your product to CFLR Radio within the past year or so, or even if you haven't, it's time to shop that stuff around. CFLR needs a playlist again and you can help by sending any and all material to:

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Anybody wishing to pass on the condolences can do so by writing the above number re phoning. Carl at (705) 675-1151: extension

2405, or faxing (705) 673-6555
attn: CFLR. Hang in there, baby!

IN PRAISE OF THE LORD, GOD, KING, BOOFLY RESPONSIBLE FOR SETTING US ALL STRAIGHT ON THIS "ALTERNATIVE" THING!

Dear Airhead,

It's refreshing to see that somebody actually wrote a decent, short, & sweet letter last month. Thumbs up to Paul between the first not too extensively white on a severely overdone topic. Good points too!

Later,
Dan

Dear Airhead,

One obvious concept I think we are all forgetting to keep in mind is this: the current fondness the public has for all things (formerly) "alternative" will soon pass because, as all things are with that breed, it is a trend. Yes, Club Monaco is selling plaid shirts and yes, every Todd, Dave and Jamie is growing his hair long, but before you can say "Under the Bridge," the Cruel E. and the Laid-out dance floors will be prepping their copies of *Radio Motorfinger* will be prepping in the closet and they'll be clamouring to scramble around the next bandwagon that comes lumbering by.

Signed,

Gisèle da Silva
P.S. Thumbs up to Paul, you said most of it.

COWSHED
AS THIS WILL BE THE LAST COWSHED FOR THE YEAR, I FEEL IT'S BEST TO CLEAR UP A FEW THINGS FROM THE PAST SCHOOL REUNION. A FEW THINGS ABOUT A WOMAN (AT THE TIME SHE WAS A GIRL) I USED TO KNOW IN HIGH SCHOOL. BUT ANITA, ONCE IN A PIECE ABOUT NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS. AND AGAIN IN A BIT CONCERNING MY HIGH SCHOOL REUNION. I'M HAPPY TO SAY THAT SHE NOT ONLY STILL LOOKS GREAT (WHICH IS NOT SO GOOD FOR ME) BUT SHE DOESN'T WANT TO HAVE ME RUBBED OUT. IT SEEMS THAT IT MAY BE QUITE THE OPPOSITE (WHICH AGAIN IS NOT SO GOOD FOR ME). ANITA IS NOW SOME SORT OF HORSE FARMER? AND IS TRYING TO GET A DEGREE IN ZOOLOGY. SHE ALSO GOES OUT WITH SOME GUY NAMED BOB WHO IS A TRANSIT OPERATOR (HE'S A BUS DRIVER). THIS IS THE FINAL BLOW FOR ME. OH TO HAVE PLAYED MY CARDS RIGHT BACK IN HIGH SCHOOL—BUT THEN AGAIN...AH, NEVER MIND. AS TO MY HIGH SCHOOL REUNION, MOST OF THE PEOPLE WERE AS I EXPECTED. I WAS CONSTANTLY APPROACHED BY PEOPLE I COULDN'T RECOGNIZE TO SAY THE LEAST. MOST OF THE SO CALLED STUDY STEVE'S AND BODACIOUS BRENDA'S WERE NOT ANYMORE. BUT MANY OF THE SO CALLED LOSERS WERE NOW TO DIE FOR. AND OF COURSE ANITA WAS. WELL, GREAT. BUT TO GIVE A LITTLE SPEECH AT A DAY CARE CENTRE, WHICH WENT OVER AS WELL AS HEAD LICE, WHICH WAS JUST AS WELL BECAUSE I JUST WANTED TO GET THE HELL OUT OF THERE. AS TO NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS, I STILL SAY THAT UNLESS YOU'RE REFORCED INTO IT, I DON'T BOTHER. YOU'LL SCREW UP LONG BEFORE EASTER AND STILL BE TALKING ABOUT HOW HARD YOU TRIED AROUND CHRISTMAS AND VOW TO TRY HARDER THIS YEAR. LOOK, KEEP IT TO YOURSELF. HEY, WHEN WILL THE NEW TRINI LOPEZ RECORD COME OUT IN CANADA? OH, WHILE I'M AT IT, THIS GOES TO PRESS LONG BEFORE THE WORLD SERIES IS OVER SO LOOK, I'M REAL TIRED OF PEOPLE JUMPING ON THE BLUE JAYS BANDWAGON. THEY AREN'T CANADIAN. THEY'RE REAL. OH, COME ON YOU BLIND PATRIOT, THE TEAM IS MADE UP OF AMERICANS AND GUYS FROM THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC. THE BLUE JAYS ARE IN ESSENCE A BOUGHT TEAM. BIG MONEY MAKES CHAMPIONSHIP TEAMS—NOT ALWAYS, BUT MOST OF THE TIME. SO IF YOU LIKE THE BLUE JAYS, FINE, BUT DON'T BE A BOGUS CANADIAN. WE WERE SO BAY BET'S WITH THE ATLANTA BRAVES, ANITA AND THE DETROIT RED WINGS. OH, SORRY, THAT'S NOT VERY PUNK ROCK. SEE YOU NEXT YEAR WHEN HOPEFULLY I WON'T HAVE SUCH A BIG STICK UP MY BUTT.

GTH



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ALTERNATIVE!

SECRETS ENTRUSTED
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BY JUDDITH BEEMAN

At age eleven I became obsessed with *Mad* and horror comics. Sadly, my little kid budget didn't match my reading material. I now find myself pushing thirty with a much bigger budget and a renewed lust for comics. I'm beginning to haunt comic shops with a passion and steer away from mainstream titles—"I'll confess I've yet to know who the *X-Men* are"—and head for the alternative/adult sections. "Underground" is no longer a buzzword fitting these works. For the cost of a new book you can get *HATE* (or *Yummy Fur*, *Eightball*, or *all*) for a whole year! With that in mind, might I suggest the following new titles:

Any new book by Argentina's Jose Muñoz (pictures) & Carlos Sampayo (words) is cause for celebration. When that book features the story of *Billie Holiday* (\$9.50, Fantagraphics), you know it's going to be something special. Deciding to portray the life of jazz queen, Holiday is a logical move; her story suits the lines of Muñoz' drawings perfectly. The team is known for their somber characters and oppressive scripts; sadly, this all too well captures the era of Lady Day. It's the team's first collection since *Joe's Bar* (1987, Catalan), four breathtaking tales of hunger.

An Spiegelman, from *Raw*, described the ambience of *Joe's Bar* as follows: "The air is smoky and smells of Raymond Chandler's cig-

arettes, but there are no heroes here—only the heretics of frail lonely humans looking for a way out of the labyrinth of their own alienation, searching for affection, self-esteem, a way to survive twenty-four more hours. There's a profound sadness and tenderness in these stories of a haunting kind never seen in comics before."

Also worth seeking out: *Raw* #3 and #6—for more Sam-payo/Muñoz. *Sinner* (Fantagraphics)—Details the times of Alack Sinner, ex-cop turned private investigator. A quarterly publication. I'm only aware of five issues ever released. *Deep City* (Catalan)—Yet another cop, this time ex-boxer Evaristo. Artwork by F. Solano Lopez, one of Argentina's oldest illustrators.

Kinder Nacht (the Night Children) is the name of a fictional scooter club who fight the good fight against skinhead thugs (Are all skins really lousy nazi scum?). Issue one involves espionage and people who actually say "vill" instead of "will." The tale is published by local Press 'N' Wind Scooter Club in association with Island Israel Imaginations. The cover is glossy and features a portrait of a boy and his bike. The price is a mere two bucks; however,

the story is confusing and "to be continued," leaving many questions unanswered. The last page features info on Vancouver ska events and groups. Look for the next issue which promises to be 22 pages.



EXIT comes all the way from the U.K. and is by N. Kanan. From the inside cover shot of puny youth Kanan co-edited a Buddy Bradley, to the canary yellow cover (just the word exit in capital letters) this book is hot. Stunning art (the transition from a group of people swimming to people dancing in a club is a prime example) and a nifty story filled with intrigue and romance. Issue #2 plans to be set in the United States.

Have you read *NEW! Comics*? #2 is still available with #3 due by the end of the year. This compilation of local artists is très cool. I especially enjoy the differing styles of art throughout. Most of the people involved with *NEW! Comics* work in illustration and animation (ahem, speaking of which...don't miss Spike and Mike's festival of sick and twisted animation, on now at the Ridge!). No suspense, no gratuitous sex—well, the jailhouse lesbians on the cover are rather alluring—*NEW! Comics* is just a hefty 56 pages of original, funny and poignant art.

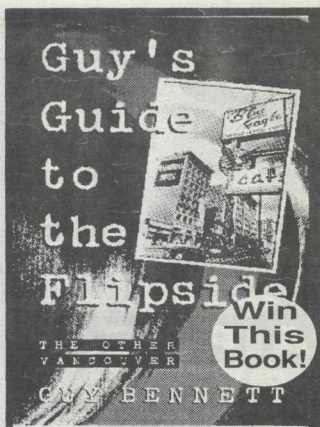
Bloodsucker and Skinheads in Love are two recent releases from Eros (the naughty comic line of Fantagraphics), both feature the art of Bob Fingerman. *Bloodsucker* is written by Lydia Lunch and features a female lead who has an insatiable bloodlust. It's obvious the real draw here is Lunch—her story is sexy and violent—as she continues her long-standing art career with something new. Keep an eye out for a Lunch, Nick Cave, and Mike Matshew's comic *As-Fix-E* put out by Last Gasp (I know about it right now).

Skinheads in Love is wonderful. Bob F. has come up with a hilarious portrayal of Simone and her boyfriend Roy, two big city skins who "do it" often (bonus points for the condom usage). This is one of the first "sex" comics I've picked up in ages (honest) and if they all had as much humour I'd probably buy more. I got this in the States and strongly have my doubts customs will let this through.

Andrew Vachss is the writer who features "Burke" as the enforcer in such books as *Hard Candy* and *Blossom*. His stories deal with child abuse of the worst kind; where children are only worth what they can bring in on the streets. This year Dark Horse



Comics brought us *HARD LOOKS*, a graphic adaptation of



You really should get out more. Send subject a brief description of the best "flipside" type of venue this town has to offer. The winning entry—drawn oh-so-fairly from a hat—will win a copy of *Guy's Guide to the Flipside*. Write subject #4636, MPO Vancouver, BC, V6B 4A1. Happy reading!

material by Vachss. Issue #4 is on the stands now. Each volume contains a complete tale as well as pencilled stories by various artists. Best of all, as in any book by Vachss, when the bad guys fall, they fall hard.

Wow! It's the 10th anniversary of *Love and Rockets*, the comic created by brothers Gilbert and Jaime Hernandez. Soon the 40th issue of their ongoing series will be at comic stores throughout North America. The brothers have been promoting their books and will be at Golden Age Collectibles (830 Granville) on Saturday, November 14th for a signing.

I've never read much *Love and Rockets*, in part because I was mystified by all the different stories and characters, but mostly because I simply did not hang out at comic shops during the 80's. Luckily, this 10th anniversary celebration has brought about a guide to the comic (\$1.95). This introduced me to the various characters and stories while also describing the brothers' differing artistic styles. After reading this I'll have a chance of appearing somewhat aware when I meet Los Bros and get them to sign my—no! tok—copy of *Love and Rockets*. Hey, you've gotta start somewhere.

TEN YEARS

People are reading



Ever wonder what people are reading? I do. This month two busy fellas, Douglas Coupland and Guy Bennett took the time to tell subject.

Usually this space is taken up with infamous people writing about what they are reading and why. Doug Coupland, author of

the phenomenal *Generation X* and *Shampoo Planet*, agreed readily to do a "people are reading" but didn't go into detail. Ahem. He's still okay in my books, tho. Here's his list:

After Henry (essays) Joan Didion
Tinny: Hergé and His Creation (biography) Harry Thompson

The Life and Writing of Abraham Lincoln - edited by Phillip Van Doren Stern

Stories of God - Rainer Maria Rilke

This summer I finally got around to reading both *Generation X* and Coupland's latest, *Shampoo Planet*. What irks me is the reason I didn't get around to reading *Gen. X* in the first place...it was too popular. I figured any book which so many people are enjoying can't be that good. Know what I mean? I figured it was all hype and good public relations. I was wrong. Anyhow, the book is into its 7th printing and the latest batch to show up in bookstores is

also the nicest; the section on the cover which was bright orange is now a soothing white. You won't be let down.

Guy Bennett is another a local writer who took the time to tell us what he's been reading:

England Made Me - Graham Greene

Rabbit At Rest - John Updike

Writing In The Rain - Howard White (local poet; Harbour press)

Guy is indeed the author of *Guy's Guide to the Flipside*, a book at the rather seedy haunt this town has. Originally out in 1987, the first two printings sold out. Rather than reprint, Guy took the profits and headed for Latin America. Today, he and his family are calling Toronto home for a year while working on his first film *Ocean Boy*.

The *Flipside* seen in Guy's book features the more interesting, yet off down'n'dirty, places to check out in our city: The American Hotel for example. This guide features places to hang for all you

Vancouverites who want off the beaten track. Guy took the time and trouble to personally check out these places, the chapter heads say it all: Food, Drink, Hair, Skin, Dogs, Death.

Actually, aside from the particulars of each pub or restaurant or curio shop (like hours of operation — once and for all, the only Seafood store at 7 pm), Guy delivers a witty synopsis of what he has observed—or imagined—hanging out at these places. A cool little book which includes photos by Mandelbrot.

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In the first few days following the Accused's Cruel Elephant performance several nasty rumors began to spread like wildfire. "They sucked," "They played four songs and got booed off the stage," "I'd say the people starting these pathetic un-truths could not have been there that night! Wild doesn't even begin to describe the crowd on this night. And this was not possibly to the audience's benefit.



The Accused by Eric Flex Howard

After suffering from an unbelievable lack of stage space, due to the constant crush and never ending onslaught of bozo stage/slam dance/

divers, a merciless waste pistol extinguished the Accused's guitar. (Isn't it about time that slam dancing, a mass marketing commodity, went the way of the wastus?!)

Hey! The Accused played one damn great, vital and energetic packed show. Probably one of the best I've seen in a long time. Talking to their front man, Blaine, long

time Seattle growler, was like a breath of fresh air in these days of big labels, big money and big attitudes. Read on....

Disorder — First of all, the Accused are different this time through. It's been a while since you last played Vancouver and now you've got a completely different line-up.

Blaine — We've got a new drummer and guitar player. We've had the guitar player for about a year, and the drummer since July. Tom (ex-guitarist) quit to do Gruntruck, which is what he's wanted to do for a while, with Ben the singer from Skynyrd. That's what he wanted to do...we always seem to get chump drummers that punk us out.

It's strange for me to see the Accused without Tom but it is strange for you to do the Accused without Tom? Basically, you have no original members left.

It's strange, but then again it's not. We've been active the whole time, so it's not like we haven't done anything for two years and then reformed again without Tom. He made the choice to do that and we had a lot of stuff going on. Tom quit right before our last European tour, we had that going on and we just done our last record with NastyMix. Sure, we could have broken up, but what's the point? We put so much energy into it already.

You've been doing this for a long time. As far as bands that have been around for a long time there's not many that have been around as long as the Accused. There is you guys, Poison Idea, Bad Religion, SNFU. You've worked very hard, I can understand why you wouldn't want it to stop.

If we weren't doing anything at the time Tom quit we probably would have broken up and done something else.

You've done three records with NastyMix. Is that over? Are you moving on? We're shopping for a new label now. We're not pleased with NastyMix at all.

Does this have anything to do with the fact that they weren't pushing the Accused? Was this because of the type of band you are or the type of label they are?

The type of label they are. They don't push any of their bands. Everything was good on paper. We had a meeting with them before we signed and everything was really positive, once we got on the label they weren't doing shit for us. We've been on two compilations since then that have had more space purchased than NastyMix has done for our three records.

As far as the newest record goes, most people don't even know it's out!

As a matter of fact I tried to get into [NastyMix] to do an ad in *Disorder* because we were doing these shows, and they wouldn't do it. It's just ridiculous that the label doesn't want to buy any ads!

Have the last three records done very well? I'm sure *Griming Like an Undertaker* must have done quite well! Well, it did a lot better than the latest two because it seems like there was a lot more exposure for it.

Griming...did well, *Straight Razor* was something we didn't even want to do.

I know a lot of people don't even know you're actually from Seattle. You're not in it with this "Seattle scene" thing at all. Is that good or bad for you?

It's bad. We were in a Seattle band before we "moved" to be a Seattle band. We were praising living in Seattle for years!

Do you feel like you've been overlooked? Totally. If we were coming out now it would be totally good. When we started it was detrimental to be from Seattle, but now it's not.

What Tom has now moved on to is more along the lines of what is considered Seattle music, more so than the Accused. I



guess being with the ex-members of Skynyrd should open a lot more doors as far as the Seattle rock explosion goes. Being from Seattle, is this big Seattle Sound thing noticeable? Definitely. There's a lot more clubs around now than there was before,



but they're all bars. What's so fucked about the whole Seattle scene is that it's all bars, there's only one all-ages club. Most of those bands

that are a part of the whole Seattle thing never played at the O.K. Here's what the all-ages club. Most of these bands just play at bars. All the hands want to sound like Nirvana or Soundgarden, there's something the master with people who are so concerned with what is the cool thing to do.

What sort of direction do you see the Accused going now? Will you continue going along the same sort of thing you've done so far? We're going to make a conscious effort to change the music with the new material we write...having more of a "groove" or something.

Is there anything you want to mention? We've gotten our comic book out, finally. We were supposed to have a comic book out with the last record we did with Combat. We solicited all these artists and put together a 64 page book that was supposed to go with the record, but Combat backed out.

Did you put it out yourself? He did it through a company called Graphics. It comes with a flexi-disc.

You've put out a lot of material, it's really strange how the Accused seem somewhat overlooked?

It's a shame especially when Corrosion of Conformity, who when they do anything for two or three years, make a comeback and are stronger than they ever were before. Even D.K.I. on the comeback. I don't know if it's because the stuff we were doing wasn't slick enough or what...

But you're still out there ripping. We still do it all ourselves. We're a total D.I.Y. band. We don't have a management or anything.

by Eric Flex Your Head



all getting better at recognizing it, at the core noted "up and coming", festering around the core journalists and music business types hurt overused superlatives at a given rock band who three years ago would have been deemed unworthy to even be pissed upon. The "business" is really turning into a joke, in some ways it reminds me of a dog chasing its tail and in others an uncontrolled (as though they are ever controlled) slack feed.

There was a time when people were able to focus their attention on one thing at one time. Now I get this image of a group of editors, writers, A&R reps sitting

in a room sampling records. The funny thing is that it is Pavlov that operates the stereo and these days he is a few bricks short. Instead of getting the expected reaction when met with the proper stimulus, those met with the table are a slobbering mess. They react not only when they are supposed to but also when they are not supposed to. The whole lot of them (or us?) are throwing their necks backwards and forwards like a soup full of chickens. To be sure everything that is gawked at is not disposable, for every Social Distortion there is an UNREST, and for every Pearl Jam there is a PAVEMENT.

200 miles from the north of Yellowstone National Park, in California, lies the town of Stockton. I had never heard of the place until one day I came across the name twice. I received a letter from a friend of mine who is spending some time working, what they call,

the fruit circuit down south and the people there, Stockton. That same day I bought *Stained and Enchanted*, the debut full length release of Pavement, recorded in Stockton. From Steve M (guitarist/vocalist) I learned that Stockton has a population of a couple hundred thousand people who work in various lines of business relating to farming.

Somewhere else I read that in Stockton there was one of those slice and dice, McDonalds-style slaughterers that are no longer privy to the US, although they are never as neat when initiated by un-American bands. Three members of pavement spent portions of their life in Stockton: Gary Young, the ending drummer of the band, still lives in Stockton and he will likely spend his last days in the town. SM hasn't lived there in six years calling Brooklyn his home. Bassist Mark Ibold also hangs out

in NYC while Spiral Stairs (guitarist) and the band's tech (drummer) are both in the market for homes. Other than the past, Stockton only holds a studio for Pavement. The studio is in Gary's basement where everything that has been released by the band was recorded.

When the hype machine gets a band like Helmet caught in its wheels, things are turning along the proper course. Helmet and Pearl Jam are exactly the same in the sense that they knew what they wanted and they went about getting it. In my eyes they were daring for fame and fortune; every move they made was calculated and scripted, so as a result the music carries the same qualities. I am not about to say that Pavement are the most original band in the world but I will venture to say that, as is the case with the aforementioned bands, their sound stems from their approach. If fame has curled upon Pavement's doorstep it is

not by design, this fame holds a much sweeter taste and more this band is the one that is the butt of that which is sought after.

Pavement fell together if anything. A seven inch single was released for posterity in 1988. There were something like 100 pressed up of all your friends are laying claim to a copy tell them to give their pointy heads a shake. SM and Spiral Stairs wrote these songs one evening and decided to record them. Enter Kathy Moore. When Gary Young got together with SM and Spiral the celestial bodies must have been focusing in on Stockton. Not to fall into the trap I spoke of earlier, Gary would never have given involved if two things were not apparent. The first must have been that they wrote good songs. The second had to be a recognition on Gary's part that these two coasters wallowing pools of neoclassical and there was a decent chance that Gary had a fun quotient equal to what Gary's is

today. The reason I speak of today is quite simple. Gary Young is a former man Gary's blood is reputed to have run through his veins at a fever pitch, anyone's followed him for guidance while drug dealers discreetly chased his fading line the chambers of sin and the lens of self destruction with hopes of finding the "wonder drug" responsible for such stamina. Shut out of luck the cretins would later see Gary strolling the streets of San Fran, with a pearlescent smile, and a cherry slush with a licorice straw.

The line up was the same for the first Drag City release. The seven inch sent chills down the spines of those whose eyes were close to the ground. I suspect that a few publications got off on the lazy-sure style that had been behind the inferential fuzz. The ten inch that followed got more people excited but it was obvious that the record kick that was in place these days. Pavement is *Equity*, in *Forbes*, in *Popular Science* — a result of the Mauder re-

LAST



GARY BLAIR SMITH: PLASMA INC.



by JUNE SCUDELER.

Gary Blair Smith, producer for Vancouver's own Plasma Films, is a nice guy. A lot of people might be taken back by his West End apartment with its limited edition prints of Clive Barker's "Books of Blood," or his models of *Hellraiser* pin-up dudes Pinhead and Chatterer. Some may raise an eyebrow at the H.R. Giger prints or the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* poster, but I felt like I'd died and gone to heaven... make that Hell! Needless to say I was mighty excited when Gary called me. Here's the guy responsible for *Skinny Puppy's* *Two Dark Park* tour, stage film, as well as some of their videos, *Front Line Assembly's* cyberpunk masterpiece "Mindphaser," and the as yet unreleased horror movie *Chunkflower*, in which Bill Leeb and Dwayne Goettel get blown up really good.

A bit of background is in order. Gary cites Giger as "the first person to have faith in me and believe I could put something together." But even before that "Gary" production assistant for years in Toronto, including on David Cronenberg's *Dead Ringers*, where he was "bottom of the barrel," but it was still fun.

Plasma just won the Canadian Music Video Award for best alternative video (*Mindphaser*), taking three months to complete and involving the work of almost fifty people. Gary feels it's his best production so far.

"Mindphaser," on the whole, has that Plasma trademark, but according to Gary, "There's a Japanese movie called 'Gun-Hei' that we obtained usage of footage from. We looked at the video and tried to break it into a basic story about these guys who are agents of the underground cyberpunk movement, who end up coming into a warlike situation, after the corporate allies fucked the whole thing up. So it's 'score one for our side' kind of thing."

Obviously, Gary and Giger share a genuine love of horror movies and are extremely concerned about the censorship of these films. "In the mid eighties," Gary

explains, "horror films homogenized into *Friday the 13th* [*Freddy* Part III, bogus bullshit. This is not what horror films are to us. "Recently, I like such as *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer*, *Caligula*, *Fritz the Cat*, and even *Pink Flamingos* were taken off Videomart's shelves by the B.C. Classification Office, which is very disturbing."

"Work" is a video containing scenes from horror movies that had been taken out to make sure they didn't get X ratings or the comparable NC-17. But, as the label on the "Work" 12" points out, there should be an A rating to ensure the stigma of pornography is gone for adult oriented films.

"Work" is a protest against censorship. We came across a movie called *In-truder* which came out on Panamint Video and they cut out a crucial scene where a guy gets his head cut off by a banshee. The only place you can see that in the world is on the 'Work' video."

"Ogre" and I sat at an editing board for weeks up week literally putting in our money to say, "Look, this is our vision and this is what we want to put out." I think it turned a few heads. I heard of a TV show in Portland, or somewhere like that, being taken off the air because they played it. I realize I'm probably desensitized to this whole thing, when I look at it, it seems very tame to me, but they freak out. They go, 'We can't have that put on our TV' and it's a joke, I don't know what they're so uptight about. The intention is not to glorify murder and gore; the intention was to deliver two messages. One, that this is the kind of film making that we love and, secondly, we didn't want that night taken away from film-makers."

For someone not desensitized "Work" is a rough ride. Edited in a rhythmic and extremely well thought out verse, one feels exhausted after watching it. What with heads getting pulled off and people getting KO'd in very graphic and, umh, interesting ways.

Gary, naturally has a humorous sense of TV and dual VCR set up so while I was

conducting this interview he was cool enough to dub some of his videos for me, including the hard-to-get "Work" video. "Recently, I like such as *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer* cards and the book I had just read suggesting serial killers suffer from a disease precipitated by brain damage, abuse and substance use. I used Henry Lee Lucas as an example, as he had been dropped on his head during his formative years. "I think that happened to me!" quips Gary. Gary actually has axes in his closet.

The video Gary made also contains the twisted trailer for the movie *Chunkflower*. It's the story of a very dysfunctional family and one of the lead characters is Claude. "Claude is the tow truck driver and he uses that tow truck to lure innocent victims to take to their cars and then with no remorse, slice and dice them in a very Survival Research Laboratory approach to slice and dice! It's a bit empty; it's very over the top. When I say SKL, I mean Matt Leckler, who's part of that group, was one of the guys who was going to be involved with one of the designs of the killer machines of the tow truck itself. Kevin [Lee] and Dwayne [Goettel] were going to do the music; they did the music for the trailer."

Bill Leeb and Dwayne play two hapless punks that get picked up by Claude. We can't see where they get picked up, but we see real good. So well, in fact, that Bill lost a half an inch of hair! Plus it's a real kick to see Bill yell his lungs out while Dwayne squeals like a stuck pig.

Why not two weeks into production we got pulled out on because of the Gulf War. A lot of the main investors were from Europe and those were the guys who made them money from oil. So when the Gulf war started a trickle down effect was created, they got scared and pulled their money out."

He feels the time is right to work on it again and wants to finance it through the Venture Capital Program where if "an off-

shoot interest" invests \$500,000 in a Canadian business they get landed immigrant status. But Gary wants "a situation where nobody tells us what to do in terms of what the content of the films are. We don't want to have to worry about making movies about pioneers who move to Canada in the eighteenth century to build heaven dams."

An interesting side note, according to the excellent extreme horror anthology *Splatter Punk*, Jim Van Bebber, who directed both *Chunkflower* and *Skinny Puppy's* "Spasmolytic," is responsible for the stunning albeit grisly & demented short movie, *Road Killer: The Last Days of John Martin*, and acclaimed horror writer critic Chas Balun has writing credits on "Chunkflower" — quite an impressive crew.

Seeing the trailer is frustrating, it leaves you wanting MORE! It starts off like a BCAA commercial; in fact, the guy who does the voice for BCAA and police driving commercials did the "Chunkflower" trailer, but when he intones, "Sometimes when you call for help... you get Hell instead," you know this ain't no BCAA commercial.

According to Videomart's owner Graham Peat, people concerned about the B.C. Film Classification Office's ordering of videos off the shelves should write to the Attorney General, Colin Crampton, as the BCCFO falls under his jurisdiction. Apparently, the classification criteria is a Soccer holdover from '86, and to get videos rated by the Soccer costs \$300 each, which Videomart calls "economic censorship." The real irony is that Videomart is very responsible; they put stickers on videos that might be offensive, plus disallow renting them to minors.

This is an issue that directly affects anyone who appreciates horror movies and directly bothers people like Gary, who work within this genre. The B.C. Film Classification Office is scarier than most films can be.

least *Slanted* and *Enchanted*. Rather than stank about this release and its various traps and tinklers, what follows are quotes taken from an interview I had with SM, some folklore, and some seasoned gibberish.

"Ask them if they will play for our party. I love the record, I can't believe it is their first. It sounds Lou Reedish, sort of. They are up there, like our favorite bands are like Ugg Overkill," they are up there with Ugg Overkill — a fan outside of the Cruel Elephant.

SM on always being compared to older bands.

"I guess I would rather have it that way. It's inevitable because we don't listen to many current bands. I mean we try, most of the ones I hear are on *Matador* cause I can get the records for free. I'm kinda poor. We do listen to current stuff, it's probably just easier to use those classic rock

signifiers... We don't sound like that many bands. We don't come from a scene where bands have a similar interest or things like that. It keeps us distant."

Reasons why there was so much anticipation for the record.

"Cause normal people could like it as well as snobbie indie rockers."

On being the flavour of the month.

"We had this idea of it being something on us. It's not like when we play we really care if we are popular. Our record is good. We are confident that we make good records and we will continue to do it. We will have people who like us for the right reasons, that is all we can ask."

One evening amongst the hills that he outside the city of Stockton a chance meeting took place. A paper from Scotland had peered down the neck of Jack Daniels for the last time.

when he discarded the bottle and threw it toward the stratosphere. Just as he was named, soaked his lips and placed them upon his mouthpiece. Under his heavy arms he placed the sack of air and commenced to exercise a Cminor from within his being. Coincidentally, the bottle he was holding through space fell with a thud directly on top of Gary Young's snare drum, exactly one valley over, or over the Phillgrin's hall. The moments that followed were filled with the sound of Jeff pipes. Taking the cue SM, Spiral Stars and the rest of Pavement, who happened to be rehearsing for an upcoming stadium gig, began a now legendary version of "Here" which held the band and Jedlin the next valley, captive for a long length of time."

Here sounds like Lou Reed man.

"Yeah, I guess it does have some of that sound. As far as I can tell it's just a ballad, you know it's the only way I can really sing. It sounds as much like

other bands as Jim Croce, or something as far as I'm concerned. I don't know what specific YU song is supposed to sound like, I really wasn't thinking that when I wrote it. And the lyrics aren't really that Velvet Undergroundly. I mean it is probably just the instrumentation, it could have a feel like that, that's not a bad thing to shoot for, even though I don't think we sound like the YU. Wow, you know, I would like it! I wouldn't want to rip them off, but they were a great band."

Pavement have an EP due out very soon that will feature a few quiet songs. Neighbours of Gary's had complained about the noise during the recording sessions leaving the loud songs to be recorded at another time. With mattresses on the walls the band put down some songs that will surely phase a few folks. Hard luck the band don't give love and they will always have a better song around the corner.

by Steve Wells





"That Local Band Competition" from CTR has been raging for several weeks, bringing another chance for the unheard and sometimes unwashed to surface at the Railway Club. First and Second Round action has finished, with the semi-finalists taking a breather before their next appearance before the omniscient Shindig banner. Meet **Daisy** won the Sept. 21 preliminary over **She and Field Day**. **Darkest Of The Hillside Thickets** will proceed to the next round, having eliminated **Noise Floor** and **Honey**.

This month we have detailed reports from two nights:

Monday, Sept 28

This night, overall, was a highly generic combination of performances from different but incredibly unoriginal artists. I realize these artists are young (in terms of band experience) and my criticisms may be a little harsh, but for these bands to get anywhere they're going to have to define a sound for themselves and stop relying on formula-proven standards. I know it must be difficult to not be dictated by current trends and musical sounds, and I realize one feels this desire to emulate their idols and that musical influence is necessary. However, if you're going into this "business" to carbon-copy, and therefore coast-tail



Movieland by Len Whistler

they covered a Bad Religion tune. There is no way that TFT should have won this round but they were the lesser of 3 evils.

Which brings me to **Sister Lovers**. This band has a good idea and a great visual, as far as incorporating that Byrdish/Roky Erikson era goes, but they just don't have the chops or the talent to pull it off. Underlying the psychedelic/garage/13th Floor Elevators sound is a band with a lot of potential and hopefully enough guts (brains) to use this to their advantage. By branching away from this staple sound Sister Lovers could easily be a very intriguing band.

Paisley Sultcase. Hi, could I get a wake up call for 7:30 a.m.? Thanks. Needless to say, Paisley Sultcase didn't



Sister Lovers by Len Whistler

fare very well with any of the judging panel and were sent packing—pun fully intended. There is no need (for me to write of this band because if you're smart enough you'll avoid them like the plague. Cheque, please!

Paul

Monday October 5

O.K., let's get the scene: the Railway Club, Monday night; I get there early to avoid cover but it turns out the judges are on the Glist. A good thing. My girlfriend and I (she paid) take our seats and wait for the action to rip. CTR MC Chris Uren drags his 275 lb Zepplin-like carcass on to the stage and subtly introduces the first band: "Movieland" What was Movieland? Basically Movieland was this big rock thing, kinda like Neil Young or Nirvana. Lotsa guitar and waiting



Ten Feet Tall by Len Whistler

vocal on top of the avalanche-like rhythm section of a flat sounding bass and boom-boom-be-doom drums. Good vocals and great guitar solos impaired by a rough overall band sound and an embarrassing display of over-emotion. In that last song, were you guys crying or what?

Break. I'm already past my free-bee limit and start to hint black-mail in the circulation of competing band-members. No luck, I have sips of my girlfriends pint. Chris once again drags his Barbie like 85lb bone-rack up to introduce the next combo with the finesse of a wet fish: "Drag The River".

Drag the River are a hard-rock, metal act of MORE serious proportions. Every judge in the place, including myself, thought one quick thought: Pearl Jam. It's obvious by their post show display that they hate this comparison, but, unfortunately or not, it's just. A lot of emotion here too. In a quiet musical segue, the lead singer spat the following: "Last year twenty-two children went missing from our community! But the cops don't do a thing about it! Where are those children? YOU'VE GOT TO DRAG THE RIVER!!!!". The band explodes... Hey, I enjoyed it.

O.K., Drag the River finish up and its time for the legendary Shindig pastime "Jokes For Beer"! A chance to get up on stage, tell a hilarious joke, and get a chance to win two, one or no beer. For years I've been rushed onto the stage, told some of my best stuff and... have been mercilessly booed off

each time. Tonight was no exception. Do you fuckers have no sense of humour?!? A duck putting chapstick on his bill is funny shit!!!

So I get another beer (thanks Toby), and sit back to hopefully enjoy tonight's last contestants...Chris? Chris: "Fine Grind".

Nope. Really bad pseudo rap-slate bullshit. I don't care if they're young; a hooded bald 15-year-old skater yelling "Yo! Get up an' dance muthafuckers!" pisses me off. So Movieland

won, justifiably so, Fine Grind came in second, which is blasphemous, and Drag the River should have come in second, in my opinion, of course. Whatever happened to laughable rock and roll?!!?

Grand Lawrence

Coming up in November: **Brand New Unit**, **Man, Tin Men**, **The Many**, **Real MacKenzies**, **Twitch**, **Howard vs. Willy**, and **Vicious Barbs**; plus the semi-finals! See you at the Railway!

normally we're just a bunch of twentysomething slackers, but....

DISORDER

deadlines for upcoming issues:

DECEMBER

copy deadline:

november 6

ad booking deadline:

november 11

ad artwork deadline:

november 13

hits the street:

november 20

JANUARY

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december 1

ad booking deadline:

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VIDEOFILTER TANIA BOLSKAYA

So you think you get problems. What piddling, easily reconcilable difficulties do you call problems? Puncture a tire on your designer mountain bike? Your lover left you for someone with a better haircut? 7-11 is out of orange Slurpees?

Hah! Even I, bolstered with the responsibilities of entertainment guidance myself blessedly free of Trouble. When I want to get a glimpse at the sorrows of the truly downmodded, I go hang out at the Independent Filmmakers Club. There, in nautical-themed chairs rent with the disappointments of unsympathetic backers, slump those whose vision years to be translated into celluloid. Quaffing hi-balls to ease the pain of artistic angst, and stoking your out of those Robit Hoods of the silver screen like rain in Vancouver. Obstacles are those amateur middle names.

Four artists who won't be belly-aching up to the bar, for now, are Myra Fried and Robert Bergman, directors and producers of *Hurt Penguin*, Robert Spense, director and storycreator of *You, Me, and Marley*, and Gregg Araki, director, writer, producer, and cinematographer of *The Living End*. Each has seen their respective project completed and each lived to tell the tale. Though they all proudly brandish the title of Independent Filmmaker their films vary wide-

ly. Not only in terms of content but in their approach and attitude towards coming up with the cold hard cash. Though Canada has a number of grants and development corporations set up to encourage young indie with drive and a story, Robert Bergman says, "It's a long process in this country to get a film [made]." When Bergman's actress/writer friend, Myra Fried, came to him two and a half years ago with the script for *Hurt Penguin*, the story of a woman so determined to get her musician boyfriend a recording contract she marries a potential financier, he decided that the lack of funds in the "inhospitable filmmaking climate" of the time was not going to stop the making of this film.

According to Bergman, "It took a year of financing type work to get the film made." Expounds Fried, "Financing is very difficult in Canada. There aren't as many private investors. You have to deal with the agencies, Tele-Film Canada, and we have the Ontario Film Development Corporation, you have BC Film. It's a lot of jumping through hoops."

One distributor describes the Fried/Bergman barrage: "I knew these people were determined to make this picture, because they wouldn't leave my office," says Cineplex chairman

David Weintraub. "It's true," admits Fried, "He started invoicing us for rent."

Eventually, though, Telefilm Canada rejected *Hurt Penguin*, the Ontario Film Development Corporation kicked in with some of the much-needed dough. The rest was provided by a unique co-op arrangement. The cast and crew all donated half their salaries to *Hurt Penguin*, and, if the film turns a profit, so will they.

One of the problems the team had in pitching the film was their very dualism. They agreed early on to co-direct the film, a situation most investors feel will turn into a battle of egos where only the movie dies out of plain on the battlefield. Bergman had great confidence he wouldn't be like that.

"Our philosophy in the creative process is to allow each other to shine, to defer to each other's ideas if they're really hot," he says. "He also has nothing but praise for Fried, a first-time director. 'I think what often happens with films is the writer writes the script and then someone else takes over and makes the film. Usually the director gets all the accolades and [credit for] autonomy of the movie. That's [questionable] not fair because a lot of what works in the movie when you see it is really from the script. In a film like this, where the writer was also co-director, it ensured that her vision and sensibility made it to the screen."

Fried's and Bergman's stance on CanCon can only have further hindered their financing woes. "We're all a bunch of no-names," acknowledges Fried. "There are no stars in this. All our actors are a wonderful 100% Canadian. We had pressure to get an American name but Robert and I just stuck our feet firmly down and said, 'No way.' We figured we had enough talent in this country that we could easily find what we were looking for."

Talent may be plentiful in this vast nation but, ultimately, it is those oh-so-colorful bills that do the talking. "To get the money together," wails Bergman, "that's the main problem with getting a film made." [Financing] takes so long and it takes a lot out of you. The shooting of the film is almost incidental."

Richard Spense went through no such zingamania in his quest to see his story idea about the joyriding epidemic

in Northern Ireland realized into the cinematic feature *You, Me, and Marley*. In a move some would call foregoing his independence, Spense went to the BBC for funding.

He explains, "There really isn't a British film industry. There's no funds and there's really no will either. What would have been a British film industry even twenty years ago has turned into a situation where television companies fund films that either go out as T.V. movies or, like *You, Me, and Marley*, [are] financed originally as T.V. movies but break across as feature. My *Beautiful Launderette* is a classic example of that."

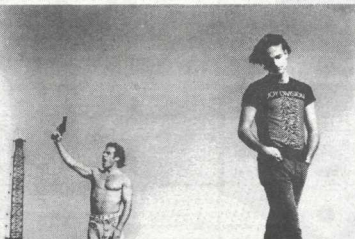
Given the absence of a structured industry, British filmmakers have two options when it comes to getting backing for their projects. The question is, elaborate Spense, "When you write a story to sell, do you spend two or three years scurrying about trying to get money together to make a film which, in the end, you own a large portion of? Or do you go to a big institution like the BBC, which has money, resources, a certain access,

er, Chris Parr, who had done a lot of work in Northern Ireland, who knew the area really well. I found a [BBC] executive producer, George Faber, who is a man who likes to back scripts that take some form of risk. They pushed to get us the funds to do the film properly."

Rising above its initial T.V. movie earmarking, *You, Me, and Marley* has deals for distribution in Britain, Germany and pending in the USA, and is now poised for its *My Beautiful Launderette* launch into the orbit of stardom.

Gregg Araki, in town recently to promote his latest movie, *The Living End*, expects no such justice to fame and fortune, though he's already on a one-way express to notoriety. With four films under his black leather belt, all shot with minimal funding and minuscule budgets, Araki has definite ideas about film financing.

"I have no objections to making a [big] movie. What I have objections to is making a lot of compromise, diluting what I want to say. I don't want to sell out and make some lame movie, just so I can get a \$10 million budget."



was not interested in waiting it down. I wasn't really concerned about, 'maybe I've gone too far. Maybe I'm offending this person or that person.' It's sort of built into the whole concept of the movie. The first words of the movie are 'Fuck the world.' That's the whole attitude of the film."

Luckily for Araki, he's American and in America you can do anything you want. Well, in California you can if you're wealthy and this L.A. based, self-described "suburban beat with a Master's degree" did.

"We don't have a van, just a car. *The Living End* was made with very little financial resources and shot with a very small crew. My other two films were shot literally by myself, with a camera, tripod and my actors. This one had a sound person and a couple of assistants. The film was shot all on location, no permits, and made in a guerrilla type manner, just sort of hit and run. We tried to avoid the police, security guards, managers of places. It really fit *The Living End* because [the film] is a very desperate, gritty, on the run story."

Though his next film, *Totally F****ed Up*, a story about gay teens, was shot the same way as *The Living End*, Araki has slightly larger plans for his fifth endeavor.

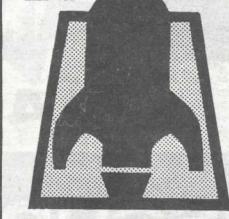
"I've just finished writing [it]. I jokingly call it my Wynona Ryder movie, in that the script is written for her. According to my friend, Chris Munch [director of *The Hours and Times*], who was here two weeks ago, the waitress at Doll's was Wynona's sister than Wynona Ryder and she should call me in Los Angeles if she wants to be a star. [The movie is] a teenage *Last Tango in Paris* with this Wynona Ryder/Doll and Penny's waitress and two beautiful boys that are her boyfriends and they're on a killing spree. This movie will be somewhat bigger in that there's certain things that will cost more."

As Monty Python said, "There's nothing quite as wonderful as money." It's acceptability that makes the world go round. "Whether you rent a rental decorator and scour the beach for quarters, wrap your naked body in ribbon, lie a bow over your privates, and plant yourself in some agency highway's office, or yodel your story idea to the BBC from the back of an arm, to make movies you have to have currency. To write about them, however, you need only your wit and a pen."

Interviews by: Jason Margolis, Steve Rudy, and Tania Bolkaya



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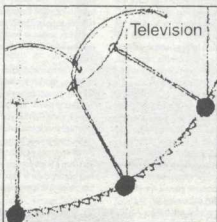
ALTERNATIVE!

"MUSIC THAT IS..."

GRAHAM PARKER
"Burning Questions"



TELEVISION
"Television"



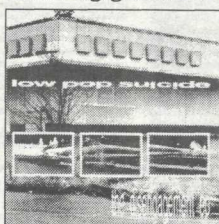
PETER HAMMIL
"Fireships"



SHRIEKBACK
"Sacred City"



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To say that the Royal Trux are an enigma would be an understatement. Even in the indie rock scene they seem to be considered a dirty word... "they were the bastard offspring... the white trash neighbours." Every once in a while their name would be trotted out, more as a subject for gossip or as a way to be ultra-into the scene. You just can't talk about Sonic Youth forever! There was lots to talk about; they were the weird neighbours that would always come home with a trailer full of junk that would clutter up their front yard.

Neil Haggerty was a member of NYC's infamous trash rockers Pussy Galore, but also performed with Jennifer Herrema in Royal Trux. Following the breakup of Pussy Galore in 1988, the two of them lived in various American cities and put out several recordings on different indie labels, most notably their present label Drag City. They also played a few controversial shows, most notably in San Francisco, and some of the American midwest shows were documented on the video tape

What is Royal Trux? That brings us up to the current release, simply called *Royal Trux*. Because of the greater distribution afforded by Drag City's agreement with Touch and Go records, this record will be the first Trux record that will be somewhat easy to find at your local store. Because the song structures are becoming somewhat more defined they are at a similar juncture to where Sonic Youth were in 1985 with the release of *Bad Moon Rising*.

To put things into context, imagine that the neighbours had done something amazing. They took all of that garbage and built it into a time machine. People would have to rethink their position. Some people would quit the old 9 to 5, sell the BMW and go garbage collecting. *Discorder* decided it was time to go over with a pot of coffee and a plate of cookies, just to get to know Royal Trux a little better.

DISORDER: I just listened to your new record and I was quite surprised by the riff orientation in some of the songs and even in the acoustic songs like "Junkie Nurse." I remember reading an article where you said that with this release it is important to be responsible with what you put out, is this part of it?

Neil Haggerty: Yeah, definitely, because people were always slagging us off for whatever reason, taking whatever kind of cheap shots they could. So we kind of figured we'd have to show 'em we could do either or that and make it our own. Stylistically, everyone was trying to divide everything up, so we just wanted to bring everything together.

"Oh, you can't play that kind of music" they'd say.... "It's this kind of thing," or "Royal Trux is this." We just wanted to say fuck you to that.

From what I've read of the reviews of your previous records, they've been somewhat unkind of what it was I thought you were trying to do. They talk about the music only in how they listen to it, because of how they hear it, that's all they have to go on.... Well, in the end everyone makes up their own mind.

I didn't listen to your last album, *Twin Infinitives*, all the way through when I first got it. I was only able to recently.

It's hard to, it's made to be listened to one side at a time.

Well, the last side I listened to was the long side, the Ape-Oven side, and in some ways that is my favorite side. But the first time I heard it I started from the A-side because I didn't know what I was going to listen to. That was the way it made the most impact. Once it has made its impact you are free to listen to it however you want. Oh, definitely, we made it like that. A lot of people think that if you don't read something from A to Z you're going to miss something.

Do you want to talk about the making of that record?

Well, we did a lot of writing, we worked on it for eight months of studio time.

I was also under the impression that there were some noise aspects that were worked out on four tracks at home.... Yeah, we worked on those ideas for about six months before we started in the studio.

So it took fourteen months to create that record?

Yeah, about that long.

You see, nowhere in any of the reviews I've read did it mention that time period.

Yeah, well, they think we just slapped it together.

I was just reminded of a quote that I read Gerard Cosway (Matador Records owner) say about your first record. He said that if one person thinks that it's valid then it should exist. It seems that everyone else that talks about music misses the point. Obviously the artist thought it was valid in creating it so what anyone else wants to say is secondary.

Yeah, but I'm not sure I actually agree with him because some people have a tendency to want to capture something, keep it for their own. I thought a lot about that because at that point we were nobody... nothing... we're still really not much.

Well, it was in that article in Spin when your first album was the "Platter d u

Jour." That was the first time I had ever heard the name Royal Trux and I still remember that article for some reason.

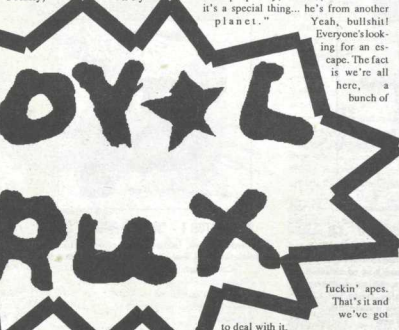
I think it's just Gerard's angle because the music industry can really suck. Those people put out boxes that that no one is ever going to listen to, they're just going to buy it and keep it on their shelf. Doing *Twin Infinitives* as a double record is like... it can actually be listened to, it doesn't take people into isolation. That's why I didn't really agree *per se*. Music is a public and a communal thing.

I think I would totally agree with you

when it comes to performing music... Yeah, records are more of a private thing.

About the packaging of the *Twin Infinitives* record, on the inside there is a collage of something that could be: In an album like Derek and the Dominoes' *Layla* or The Rolling Stones' *Exile on Main St.* Is there an element of satire in this and other areas of your work? That's a big thing. To make a double LP in an indie situation where it is going to be construed as a private act... ego glorification, we wanted to make sure there were a lot of references to a larger world. As "Yes we know!" Just because it's Eric Clapton in Derek and the Dominoes it doesn't give him the right to make a sloppy album cover. There's no difference. A lot of that is now past, but why know. The Fall, a lot of their album covers were sort of anti-graphic.

Totally, they



hear on the record, but to me it says that we were successful because people took it seriously.

Now that Drag City is going to be getting wider distribution because of their new distribution deal with Touch and Go, what does it mean to you?

It takes a lot of the pressure off... you know the weird, isolated mad genius which is reurgent with Syd Barrett, Skip Spence and Jandek. We'll be a lot freer because we can do satire and it will be seen and heard by more people.

How do you think people, like Jandek, will go down in musical history?

I don't know. I just found out that Joe Pesci made albums. You know Joe Pesci, the actor? I don't see why Jandek is any better than Joe Pesci, they both decided not to come out into the open. Although I like some Jandek records a lot, unfortunately some people say, "Jandek, it's weird and it's a special thing... he's from another planet." Yeah, bullshit!

Everyone's looking for an escape. The fact is we're all here, a bunch of

fuckin' apes. That's it we've got to deal with it.

So now you've got this new distribution, a lot of people are going to hear the name Royal Trux for the first time. You're on tour with the big band, Sonic Youth. So, how did you incorporate those elements into the new record?

We didn't, because we didn't know. Basically because the record was recorded by March and the deal wasn't down then.

Nearly all of the reviews I've read

make references to this one show that you did in San Francisco as being legendary. Gerald set it up for us from New York. It was a showcase for his label.

Who else was on the bill?

Some band called the Toilet Midgets.

Don't you mean the Trolling Midgets? No, I'm pretty sure it was the Toilet Midgets.

With Mark Eitzel on vocals?

No, I know the lead singer's name was Mark Ascholt. It was pretty much why they had us on there.

So that was your only show in San Francisco and everyone who wants to talk about themselves at the same time as writing a review says "I wish I could have seen them in San Fran." Well, when they see us now it will be... "When we were there." There was a band society in San Francisco that showed up at the show to boycott us, and they cornered us in the alley.

Why boycott you?

Well, you see, we generate a lot of rumours and misinformation. Typical New York sense of humour, right? San Francisco... this is where Lenny Bruce is fuckin' from! We had a very bad reputation there so they wanted to shut us down. They were very discreet about it but I wasn't taking any. Anyway, I started screaming and we almost got in a fight. It was very, very weird because it was the kind of thing where we were saying a bunch of shit, and I guess if you took it the wrong way you'd get beat up. We got bottles thrown at us a lot but we thought that those were intellectuals from San Francisco, so... who knew?

So, in San Francisco it was basically just you and Jennifer. For this tour you've fleshed it out with different players and equipment, but you've always used Moogs and other electronics as a part of your sound.

Well, yeah, whatever works. There are just too many languages of music to get stuck doing one thing.

It's interesting that you say there are too many languages of music because I was just thinking that today. Everyone wants to understand someone's language of music. I don't understand why I think it should just be done. It's too abstract.

For sure! That takes all the creepiness out of it! If you just say that it's a higher language. It's not your day to day stuff!

(Royal Trux play *The Cruel Elephant* on Thursday, November 19th.)

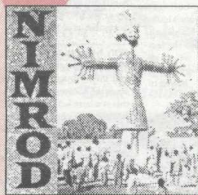
FUCK UO

Interview by Nicholas Bragg

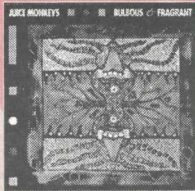
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BUGHOUSE FIVE - "SOLID" CD/CS
A diverse blend of foot-tappin' rock'n'roll, offering a little something for everyone. Features past members of the Nervous Fellas, Poisoned, and Slow.



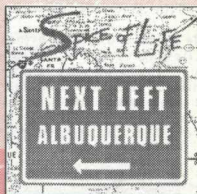
NIMROD - "GRANDSON OF HAM" CD
This music fits in with the New York downtown crowd, but Nimrod would probably scare the bejeesus out of those guys. We're talking serious, noisy dementia here with cool samples from TV shows and guest Japanese musicians. -Alternative Press



JUICE MONKEYS - "Bulbous & Fragrant" CD
...a premier outfit head and antlers above the current crowd of Red Hot/Bootsauce soundalikes...a sound that's tighter than Tarzan's loincloth during mating season." -AF Magazine



RED SECTOR 1 - "WORLD PEACE" CD
...infectious, industrial-based dance music with a European influence and a Canadian sensibility." -Slant



SPICE OF LIFE - "NEXT LEFT ALBUQUERQUE" CD
Spice of Life dish up a barely controllable explosion of energy and sound. "Thumping hard rock, with grunts of funk, slippery metal lines, HC buzz and a low cruising voice."



JACK FEELS FINE - "JACK FEELS FINE" CD/CS
Guitar-based three piece who's energy and unique pop sound ensure listening pleasure and lots of dancin' around.



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Hump are from Victoria, a city spawning some really great bands: Sidney Spit, Menstrual Spunge and Mexican Power.

Authority to name a few. Hump could be the next Victoria sensation? I've had the pleasure of seeing Hump perform twice, once in Victoria and once in Vancouver, with both shows being inspiring, packed with great music and breathtaking stage presence. Hump's idea of stage presence involves butt-popping films, Charles Bronson video footage, and anal penetration of candles while lead humpers Velvet and Arish play "the secret domination game."

Both times I found myself grinning a big smile, shaking my head back and forth, singing along to his like "Dirty Blitch," "Humptruck" and, of course, "Low Pile Carpet." However, at their CNE Elephant performance Hump obviously felt the pressure of a lame, clueless audience: people worried about how to react and if they should like them or not. As a result of this lameness everybody stood at the back except for the select, proud few of us up at the front.

Hump have been playing to-

gether as a band for about three years, have five cassette releases out, and a forth coming release from that up-and-coming local label Scratch. They've survived personal changes but now have solid, explosive line-up consisting of founding members Velvet Cash (vocals, some guitar and tape loops) and Mike Leatherwolf (guitar master), plus most recent humpsters Dick Rice (on the bass), "stage personality" Arish and, of course, Roland Boomboomtata (on drums).

Although they've been around for some time, Hump have only been playing live shows for about six months. In that time they have twice graced Vancouver with their wit, charm and charisma. Here's what some local scenesters have said about their performances:

"They're sexiest pigs!"
"The Gibby Haynes of the 90's."
"I don't understand what they're trying to prove!"
"This is degrading to women!" (Note: they had a nude male on stage manipulating himself, so weren't they also degrading men?)
"Hair!"
"Fuckin' rights — slow and heecccavv"

Let's face it, some people are so sure that they took the whole presentation seriously, get yourselves a life. It's rock and roll: it's gotta be sexist and dirty, or it won't do.

HUMP — AT THE LAKE

What's your name, occupation and when was the first time you got laid?

My name's Velvet Cash. I go to school and I think I was 15.

Dale: I'm an artist.

Mike: I work as an entertainer and I was old, way to old, fuckin' old, and I don't want to talk about it.

What kind of car do you drive, and do you think the kind of car you drive reflects your personality?

Mike: Ah, I drive a Maverick, and I'm a maverick, alright.

Velvet: I have a big truck and a Valiant.

Dale: I used to own a motorcycle.

How did the band originate, did you play in previous bands together?

Velvet: Well, I used to be in Spemidide with Mike until we broke up. I sat around, learned how to play guitar, then briefly moved to Vancouver and tried to sing for Octatracker. Then I moved back to Victoria and started jamming with Mike.

Dale: I play in other bands (OTTG, Wire Bastard, MPA) and have known Mike and Velvet for quite some time. One night we jammed, and I was in.

Do you guys do drugs?
Velvet, Mike, Dale: Ya.

What music have you found yourself listening to lately?

Velvet: Johnny Cash, lots of John-

ny Cash, and Slayer.
Dale: Me too, I live in the same house.

What do you do with your waking hours in Victoria?

Velvet, Mike, Dale: Smoke pot, drink coffee, jam, drink beer.

If you were a ride in an amusement park, which one would you be?

Dale: The Zipper.
Velvet, Mike: Ya, me too.

HUMP DIARY by Velvet Cash

January '92: *The Snuff Film* recordings

Mr. Rice's first weekend in Hump. He went insane. Friday we went to an "acid party" where everyone was old and stinky and we were pretty fat, hairy, and pissed, we really enjoyed ourselves. Rice's best quote was "Hey baby you can sleep in my bed and I won't even touch ya." The next morning we got galloped all the necessary equipment, and the necessary inspirational items, and we went to work. I confess it was a shoddy thing we recorded but we needed something to get the band in motion again. Mike phoned the following Monday freaking out because we'd made an E.P. without him, but I talked him down.



by Sandy Morris

Saturday, May 16, '92: Kreviss and Hump, Rogue Gallery, Victoria

We'd been jamming for two months, Mike Leatherwolf, Dick Rice, me (Velvet Cash), and my bitch Arish. I had the joy of

putting on the show, which I'm too irresponsible for. We opened and played for about fifty people. Some people were blown away and no one did large amounts of drugs, but it was peaceful. Kreviss liked us and everyone liked my movie choices — "Mr. Majestic" and "Mondo Topless." Dick Rice was wasted and late. I was sober and stressed, we rocked on everything but "Cuntry roads." We got over a case

each of hand beer and I lost \$50.00.

June '92: Hump Grump and Hooper Grump, Bonehead's

We've decided we're "important" now.

We demanded to headline in Jesus Bonehead's "concept show." What a concept. Mised Hooper Grump blew. We sat upstairs, away from the vermin, and got totally bambooized on shitty beer. At 12:30 we descended into the confusion. If you've never been to Bonehead's, imagine a sweaty, unventilated basement with a 5'5" ceiling and Bonehead demanding we play with a strobe light giving the whole time. Our

projector died, Mike borrowed my Kramer and can't keep it tuned. Arish is wasted in this little and freaky pig mask, falling all over the drums. We had only one movie *Fallers*. All these rednecks were yelling at me and I was yelling back. Been spitting all over. Arish is licking me and everyone is so happy. This is the first time we really impacted people and got them in a really hairy-fisted chainsaw-kind-of-mind if not. But these people were hick rockers not your social elitist types, ya know.

June 92: Hellhouse, Victoria

Another shitty basement. I played here once before in Woodhouse and we sucked so badly I hated this place just for that. I don't remember the bands except OTTG. I knew we weren't going to play so I got drunk and shot at people upstairs. Finally, we left with our 24 beer of payment for hanging at a shitty party. Oh ya, we pissed out the upstairs window on to the punks below.

July 4, '92: Death Pit, Victoria

This was the warehouse spot we'd been jamming at. It was supposed to be a benefit for the Island Tour some local bands had been planning. Rumor had it that tickets were \$7.00 and we were headlining. It was really only \$3.00 and I think two people

paid, but still there was no one there. Just 25 members watching each other play. Bounty and Sidney Spit were the only memorables form. Everyone else was HARD CORE. By the time we played there were six people sitting in six chairs smoking and straight as hell. We rocked but didn't get really theatrical at all. It was an all-male audience who seemed intrigued by the movie *Honky Tonk Angels*, but overall we were disappointed.

July 18, '92: Suckdog, Superconductor, Hump, Cruel Elephant, Vancouver

Suckdog and Company didn't show up cuz she got heat up. Our first show in Vancouver and we were scared. We drove my truck over a '69 Dodge 3/4 ton. I couldn't drive it cuz I cut my tendon with a Ginsu knife. When we got to the Cruel Elephant I had to take a piss so I got the bathroom but it says OUT OF ORDER. So I go downstairs to the other can and as soon as my dick is out the little man comes in yelling "Who's in here? I know someone's in here." I tried to explain myself but he wouldn't listen. What did that dude have to do with anything "alternative?"

Anyway, Captain Tim, our new saxophonist, came with us and did a little shadowboxing while we played. Arish was high as a kite wearing a buster, and looking really defeated. I got insane and shook my gun at 10. Musically we were awful cuz we couldn't hear the drums at all but we did our best. As Les Smolenski said, "It didn't sound like the tapes." A lot of people said they thought it was dumb

but does everything have to be a statement or have shock value? Can't things be there just because we put them there to look at while we play? Overall, we made the most bored audience in the world stand up and smile, or shiver, or feel sick or had dirty, or something. I know the lesbian bartender dug us, and we got \$150. We were high on glory and acted goofy all night, saying words like "tag" both in Vancouver.

August 92: King Salmon, Hump, Zarathruster, Hump House.

We jammed that day for the first time since Vancouver. We rocked. King Salmon rocked. Zarathruster rocked. Damn, it was even psychedelic. The dude from King Salmon shaved off all his pubic hair in front of all sorts of people and then me and Arish rolled in it when we played. Leatherwolf rocked. Dick Rice rocked. I rocked. It was good. Good western that night, wholesome Saturday afternoon stuff.

September 2, '92: Banana Royal, Bounty, OTTG (Our Testicles Touch the Ground), Hump, Hump House.

We called Satan. I'm serious. We'd been close before, but this time he was

here. We were sane and everyone else went fuckin' nuts all night long. Fights, sex, sex, and more sex, lesbianism, more fights. Southern Comfort dripping through cracks in the ceiling, car accidents and choppers in our back yard. Big, fat, hairy, psychotic evening. Even Arish's 12-year-old sister Christ was pissed on Long Island Ice Tea but I was sober. All these 14-year-olds were totally thumped by us. Maybe it was Mike fucking the pizza, or Arish the Dirty Girl, or maybe my humiliating boots. Wemads? \$700 — enough for Vancouver vs. Hump Part II.

DISCOGRAPHY
Grandma (pig eye 001) 30 min. cassette.
8 songs recorded on a ditto 4 track. 130 copies, 3 different covers, 8 different full color Hump cards.

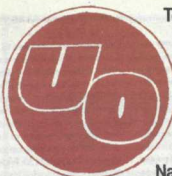
Phuckin' Phuck (pig eye 003) 45 min. cassette.
Out taker and extra psychobolic, ambient stuff. Bonus live track with homosexual drummer Regan. 12 copies, 2 color cover.

This Is a Snuff Film (pig eye 004) 15 min. cassette.
3 epic-length songs. Bad ones. 23 copies, 2 vaguely different covers.

The Flaming Tumbler of Fear (pig eye 006) 15 min. cassette.
4 songs. Nice versions of "Cuntry Roads" and "Streets of Lobero". Only 8 copies. We want it on a single (hint hint).

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To the superheroes of our time who draw their supernatural strength and powers from their suit: Spiderman, Boots Collins, Schwarzkopf *et al*, add the collective of Blackie Onassis, "King" Ed Roeser and National "Nash" Kato, known as

Urge Overkill to that list. While Western culture disgraces the beauty of the human body with the ritualistic adornment of Levis™ and cotton-blend rags, the URGE fashion contribution of monogrammed turtle-neck sweaters, fist-sized UO medallions, wing-tipped shoes, velvet smoking jackets, pinstripes, satins, velours, silks or gabardine is rudimentary; crucial to the cause. Blackwell underlings may view this preference in apparel as retro, left over from the Mod/Motown era, but URGE are quick to quash all despondent queries and prove that they are indeed "now-tro"!

So now-tro, in fact, that URGE, with the release of their latest six song E.P. *Stuill* (Touch and Go records), have re-revolutionized the anthem-rock pleasure principle from the past. As the cross-continent call-out of "The Kids Are Insane" (Supersonic Storybook) united the youth to rally for rock — "Ohhh, can you hear me UO? Yeah, well jam it out in Kansas City, Chicago, and all the kids in L.A., New York City, Albuquerque, Toronto, Pittsburgh, P.A. Nobody's going to war, the kids are going insane!" — the chant-along air-guitar chorus of "(Now That's) The Barclords" solidifies the premise that a lot of bands, URGE excluded, have forgotten how to rock.

URGE have taken five albums to hone their skills with Stuill epitomizing the realization of their craft. Conceptualized around the mystical ghost town of Stuill, Kansas, the album employs the susceptibilities to which URGE were prey to during their experience in the obscure and arcane town. "On our last tour with Nirvana, before they were big, we took them with us to Stuill. En route we purchased about two hundred dollars of fireworks to let off in this cemetery, but when we got there, at four a.m., we knew something was weird about the place," explains Nash. "We all had different experiences but we had them at the same time, we bonded with the spirits. Something touched me on the shoulder."

"It was weird because there is so much mysticism in that area," adds King, "we were only a couple miles away from where *The Wizard of Oz* was filmed. There was definitely other forces there besides us!"

URGE are not foreign to the mystics, intricately woven into all their albums and their personal is an unknown. *Jesus Urge Superstar* dealt with religion, *America's* contrasted the man versus machine theme, and *Supersonic Storybook* approached native culture and society, but underlying the music

and the man is a James Bondesque enigma. "That's the beauty of URGE, it's a new *James Bond* everyday," reveals King. "It unfolds for us as we go along and it's new to us, as well as our fans, all the time."

But being an enigma is not what Urge Overkill is all about, being the self-appointed icons of pop culture is more accurate and faithful to the justice URGE seek in attaining and keeping the prestigious crown as Lords of the Lounge. Whether it be by seeking the elusive rumors of *Green Hornet* or subscribing to the high priestliness of Neil Diamond — whom the URGE boys met and were advised to leave some room at the top for, after which Diamond humbly excused himself and said, "Well, I got a show to do." — Urge Overkill are dictated to by the standards set in the "life drug" era. "Life drug," beams King, searching for a simple explanation, "is when people woke up on a morning in the seventies and poured themselves a glass of orange juice just because they felt like a glass of orange juice." We're bringing back the era of life is fun.

Pretty big shoes to fill considering URGE are trying to reanimate a new generation of listeners whose parents OD'ed on the life drug in the sixties and

seventies. However, being the international playboy that he is, "international playboy," to be politically correct, specifies Nash — and with the enlisted assistance of producer Kramer, URGE are bound and determined to set the heads of the world on fire. The decision to use Kramer, known most notably for his involvement with Bongwater and steering the vessel known as Shimmy Disc records, for the production of *Stuill*, as opposed to Butch Vig who was helmsman for the two previous URGE releases, was an obvious choice.

Kramer had a squash court, hot tub, tennis courts, — and the atmosphere for recording *Stuill* was very relaxed and exactly what we needed," confides Nash. "Kramer just lets us play, records it, plays it back and it sounds like he doesn't do anything to it. That's what we needed for this record and how we felt about Stuill."

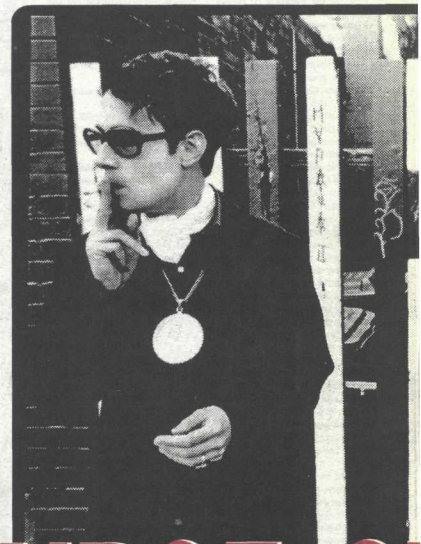
"Butch Vig has a style, and at first he was very unprofessional," reports King: "he'd pull up with a station wagon full of beer, and that was cool, but now you can see why he is a successful independent producer, in the truest sense of the word, because he has a certain sound. Butch is great and we're happy for all his achievements, but Kramer came in, checked his ego at the door and made us feel comfortable as a band with what we were doing."

Besides single-handedly bringing back the era of the swinger, Urge Overkill balances a rigorous schedule between business and pleasure. Pleasure for URGE takes on many different forms but nothing is as sacred as the hour from twelve to one p.m. It is during these sixty minutes that UO religiously partake in the trials and tribulations of Carter, Natalie and the rest of the *All My Children* cast. Needless to say, quality television plays a big role in their quest for entertainment. *The Rifleman*, *Entertainment Tonight*, *Later* with Bob Costas, *The Prisoner*, *The Flintstones* and *MacNeil-Lehrer* are but a few of the prestigious programs to set the Urge Overkill television room aglow. King, Blackie and Nash, however, are not limited to simply watching television: "We did a live acoustic thing for Much Music up there and we've never seen it. So we gotta get a copy of that to see where we have to tighten up our live performance," says Nash pensively. Whether URGE deems this desire to tighten up their live performance as necessary or not is mainly because UO is slated to perform on a new talk show which is to be hosted by *Saturday Night Live*'s Dana Carvey. "You see, Letterman is dropping a [time] slot to run against *Leno* (Tonight Show) and then *The Carvey* is going to have this late night talk show," expounds Nash.

"We're working on some choreography right now," includes Blackie. "We'll probably stand at the front of the stage, with a band behind us, and do kind of an O-Jays/Tempations thing."

Obviously influenced by the extravagance, flash and style of Motown vocal groups, Las Vegas piano-bar crooners, and the super-group suits of stadium rockers, Urge Overkill's roots run deeper than most know. Blackie Onassis, drummer for Urge Overkill, is the son of legendary jazz drummer Smokey Onassis and a "distant, but close" relative of Jackie O. Smokey made his mark on the south side of Chicago with a sound that "was very influenced by Gene Krupa, although he

"(Now That's) The Barclords" was included on *Stuill* out on a rare single. I heard a guy say that he paid for the thing happening. It's also become somewhat of a house and 'Barclords' came over this cheap tinny sy



URGE OVERKILL

Forty miles west of town
down a country road
soul - i see sharon
its me and roman
tell my bride to

sixty-five, fifty, forty-five
in the dark i see the
thirty-seven seventeen
in the night i see
she told me that

don't be afraid

Paul t.
Brooks

because we felt that the general public was missing something like \$65 for it and we don't want that kind of hit. I was standing in Subway waiting to get a club-speaker in the corner." — Urge Overkill's Nash Kato



URGE OVERKILL

ansas city
like a lonely
and i see jack
a dressed in black
bury me in stull...
ur, thirty miles to go
sign - six miles to stull
en six more miles to stull
the sign - six miles to stull
at she had come by to meet me
aid - do not be afraid - its great.

Bryce
Dunn

was more of a big-band, swing-style drummer," gleams Blackie proudly. Smokey carved his niche into the jazz scene with such legendary performers as Nat King Cole and before long became renowned for his work. Blackie, inspired by his father, took to the skins and in the process of carving his own percussive niche into the Mighty Oak of Rock and Roll with a style drawing influences from Bun E. Carlos (Cheap Trick) to Keith Moon (The Who).

His father's kit, which Blackie used to practise on but was too much of a museum piece to take on tour, facilitated Blackie's emulation of Keith Moon's drumming style. Although he's influenced by the sound of the big-beat era and listens to a lot of funk music, not so much the names but the styles, "reveals Blackie, his undying praise for Moon is paramount, particularly in UO's video for 'The Kids Are Insane.' Resembling an early Who video, 'The Kids Are Insane' is a moving tribute to Moon and The Who which deeply touched Keith's daughter. Although a lot of people hate the video, although URGE (always their worst critics), the gentlemen of UO are quite confident that they have found their medium in video.

With four short-length gems under their cummerbunds Urge Overkill have made the transition to celluloid quite smoothly and stylishly. By stretching the barriers of generic video production, URGE have made a mandate for themselves in that their videos carry more of a storyline than the typical wash-and-wear attempts by the darlings of MTV and Much Music. A prime example of UO's discipline is the video for 'The Candidate.' Utilizing Urge Overkill's fascination with the JFK assassination, 'The Candidate' is a timely piece which coincides beautifully with the presidential election and the wake of controversy surrounding Oliver Stone's renderings. With King embodying the role of 'The Candidate' and Blackie and Nash as respective secret service men, URGE weave parache and intrigue together with the ease and beauty not far off from *The Avengers'* Steed. Filmed in the autumn of '91 URGE continues to stay one step ahead of the pack all the while redefining the term "style."

The key to Urge Overkill's style is in the way which they find inspiration in the jettisoned icons of pop culture. By embracing the runts of society's litter they tailor at fashion that was once popular but cast aside for newer trends. Appreciative to their roots and influences, UO go beyond living in the past to resuscitate a dormant breed of swinger-era fashion sense. A good example of this is karaoke: sort of like riding a moped, it's always fun until someone you know sees you doing it. URGE, nonetheless, take to karaoke like bold stripes to a bowling shirt. "Karaoke is great," exclaims Nash, "but only at this place in New York! It's in a bad neighbourhood that you probably wouldn't go to but everyone were in New York we go there. It has this great Chinese band who have a repertoire of Neil [Diamond] and old standards. We usually stumble out of the club when the sun is rising."

UO may seem to lead a lifestyle of mirth and merriment restricted only by the number of hours in a day, "down-time" is not a word that exists in the UO vocabulary. Simply by looking at their schedule can one tell just how busy

these guys are. Their day starts at noon when they convene to watch the daily episode of *All My Children*, afterwards using the hour and a half for lunching and conversation. 2:30 through 3:00 p.m. is sacred and set aside for Neil Diamond reflection. For this half hour Blackie, Nash and King play their favourite Neil Diamond songs, look through scrapbooks and look back on the man who has influenced their lives tremendously. After an hour of press related business, which has been gobbled up at a considerably more rapid pace of late, URGE work up their hunger for the calling of the nightlife

King. "What a lot of people don't realize is that almost anything can be barbecued, including seafood! You want a little barbecuing hint?...try putting a couple of cloves of garlic, wrapped in tinfoil, on the side of the grill. Let it sit on the side of the grill while everything is cooking, once your food is done the cloves should be soft and spreadable, almost like butter. You can then use the garlic as a base for a sauce, or spread on bread, or over corn on the cob; the possibilities are endless."

Following dinner, whenever that may be, is the customary indulgence into after dinner drinks: champagne, snifters of Brandy or "the closest drink to heaven...Lucifer's Elixir. Which you can only get in the Chicago area," Nash confesses. The men of UO are then readied for a night on the town or an intimate evening at home entertaining a lady

"There are a lot of people from Canada that we admire: Bill Murray, Dan Akroyd, Nick Gilder...you know, 'Hot Child In The City.' Also Margaret Trudeau...any first lady that associates herself with the Rolling Stones is cool." — Urge Overkill

and the paparazzi with a brisk rehearsal — an hour or so. More than often stretching into their cocktail time, URGE value these few leisurely hours as it gives them the opportunity to work on writing new material or deciding which Neil Diamond song to cover next.

At 6:00 p.m. the biological clock of Urge Overkill strikes, signifying nothing other than dinner. Dinner can last at least three hours (these guys spend four and a half hours a day eating, alone!) and usually does as they "take dinner very seriously." When they couldn't be bothered with the local brasseries or with the trouble of jetting home to eat, URGE break out the "Kiss The Cook" aprons for a delicacy that has been a longtime favourite in the UO camp: anything done on the barbecue! "We kind of do a lot of barbecue," pronounces Nash. "Just stay away from any breakfast cereals, pancakes and eggs," he divulges as the faux pas of barbecuing etiquette.

"The ladies love a man who can cook up a great meal, who can find his way around the kitchen," adds

or friends. Always bubbling with stimulating conversation, the evenings proceedings make for the perfect cap to a long and strenuous day. "Never entertain more than four couples at a time," hints Blackie, "because then it begins to lose its intimacy."

Other tips for entertaining...? "A good Barry White album, and as little TV as possible," knowingly states King.

With all the charisma, charm, vanity, savoir faire, and prototypical fashion style, it was inevitable that Urge Overkill would be caught in the sights of major league scouts. Picked up by the hit makers at DGC/MCA — home to Rickie Lee Jones — URGE finally get the chance to take their posh brand of rock to a world saturated by underdanted (Sonic Youth) and overdanted (Helmut) artists. But don't be 'fraid, if you happen to see the guys sucking down Singapore Slings at the local bar, or playing backgammon outside of the cabana, pull up a stool, compliment them on their attire, order a round of Chi Chis and name drop about your ski trip to St. Moritz...it's great!

DISCOGRAPHY

Strange... /EP (Ruthless Records)
"Wichita Lineman" b/w "Head On?"
(Touch and Go)
Jesus Urge Superstar L.P. (Touch and Go)
"Ticket To L.A." b/w "I'm On A Drunk" 7"
(Touch and Go)
Americruiser L.P. (Touch and Go)
The Supersonic Storybook L.P.
(Touch and Go)
"(Now That's) The Barlords"
limited edition 7" (Sub Pop)
The Urge Overkill Stull E.P. (Touch and Go)

VIDEOGRAPHY

"Faroutski"
"Ticket To L.A."
"The Kids Are Insane"
"The Candidate"

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WOLF ZYDECO**
Nov. 17-21 **AL RAPONE**
Nov. 18 **DUKE ROBILLARD**
Nov. 24-28 **GUITAR SHORTY AND
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Saturday, Oct. 10th — Bremerton, WA
w/ Link (Runkel so hard the string snapped)

Saturday, Aug. 22nd — Cranbrook, B.C.
w/ Shiner, Shy, The Records, The Stand, etc

Wednesday, Oct. 20th — Oakland, CA
w/ Karpenter and Haidich

Friday, Oct. 20th — Eugene, OR
w/ Chone, Bird, Laker, Day, and Bobs (Friday)



Wednesday, Aug. 26th — Reno, Utah
w/ Chone, Bird, Laker, Day, and Bobs (Friday)

Thursday, Aug. 27th — Boulder, CO
w/ 13 (Boulder Road Band, really)

Thursday, Oct. 1st — Phoenix, AZ
w/ Blum Kit and Zepher Back Monitor

Sunday, Oct. 4th — Los Angeles, CA
w/ Daniel, Springfield and Love Rocked

Friday, Oct. 10th — South, CA
w/ Blum Kit and Zepher Back Monitor

Wednesday, Oct. 2nd — San Diego, CA
w/ Sparkmarker, Solitare and 3 Luv Purr

Thursday, Oct. 1st — Phoenix, AZ
w/ Blum Kit and Zepher Back Monitor

Wednesday, Sept. 25th — Dallas, TX
w/ Jansco and Stronker

Friday, Sept. 18th — Anaheim, CA
w/ Jansco and Stronker

Friday, Sept. 11th — New Jersey, NJ
w/ Voice of Reason and Hoken @ San Francisco

Saturday, Sept. 12th — New York, N.Y.
w/ Hoken, Hoken and N.Y. 200

TOUR STATS

- 26 shows over 3 provinces, 15 states, and 2 countries.
- travelled through 31 states, 3 provinces and 2 countries.
- \$1662 (Can) travel costs; including gas, oil and changes, windshield wipers, and toll fares.
- \$1218 (Can) revenue including payment for shows and merchandise (t-shirts and 7).
- \$444 (can) net loss, not including \$700 phone bill - ouch.
- ALL SHOWS ALL AGES.
- Toured with NO full-length release or press whatsoever.

Friday, Sept. 4th — Sherbrooke, QC
w/ Shis. Yes, we drove from N.J. to Can.

Thursday, Sept. 3rd — New Jersey, NJ
w/ Shis. Yes, we drove from N.J. to Can.

Wednesday, Sept. 2nd — Bayon, Ohio
w/ Jansco, Springfield and Upstead

Saturday, Aug. 29th — Sioux Falls, S.D.
w/ Lishi, via internet, cancelled

Wednesday, Sept. 2nd — Bayon, Ohio
w/ Jansco, Springfield and Upstead

Thursday, Sept. 3rd — New Jersey, NJ
w/ Shis. Yes, we drove from N.J. to Can.

Friday, Sept. 4th — Sherbrooke, QC
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Friday, Sept. 11th — New Jersey, NJ
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BY GRANT LAWRENCE

Before I begin my usual rant and roll, I feel compelled to comment on the constant controversy the Cruel Elephant stirs in our scene. What exactly is the problem? Why is it that everywhere I go I hear nothing but Elephant slagging? Dammit, you punks sure as hell see the dark side of things. Sure, the club is slowly being infiltrated by jock-o puppies, sure it's a little ironic that the Elephant's most popular night of the week is that stupid disco/bulldoze/canned-music night, but please, tell me folks, where else in this city can you see Drive Like Jehu, or Jesus Lizard, or Urge Overkill, or the Patels, or Girl Trouble, or Brent's TV, or Tad, or Seaweed or the countless other alternative/punk rock acts that tour? At The Town Pump or 86th Street? I think not. It's the Cruel Elephant, baby. Stop the bitching and just show up, pay the reasonable cover, get loaded and dance. OK?

cub



pep

Dancing is exactly what I was doing when I saw **Cub** at the Cruel Elephant a couple of weeks back. This local, three girl combo have just released a 6-song 7" EP on Mint Records that is very, well... danceable. The overall sound and theme of Cub definitely hinges on the cutey "n" naive pop thing, luckily these chicks manage to pull it off without sounding stupid. The songs are short, really catchy ditties; simple, to the point lyrics reflecting Cub's frustrated twenty-

something lifestyle. A good value for your buck, highly enjoyable pop music, and most certainly the best thing Mint has stumbled across yet. (Mine, #699, 810 West Broadway, Vancouver, BC, V5Z 4C9). Sliding home with a close second in the "best local singles of the month" contest is Vancouver's only alternative religious quintet, **These Crusaders**. This is great! It's a double single with a full circle sleeve of the happy five-some, plus a little Christian comic book inside! All of the four songs, "Crusader's Theme," "Humble Yourself," "Born in Bethlehem" and "Pass It On" are actually really catchy, rockin' good songs! Dig that guitar solo on "Theme," or the psychedelic recorder on "Humble!" This miracle has brought back memories of summer Bible camp I thought I had long erased from my psyche. A funny, timely, and very disturbing release. (Scratch Records, 317A Cambie Street, Vancouver, B.C., V6B 2N4).

Disturbing is definitely the word for Scratch's other 7" release this month: **Two-doelebs The Ovar E.P.** I can't even begin to attempt to describe this... this... this. SHIT! More mind-fucking sounds from the little men at the warped world of Scratch. They call themselves "punk for the '90's," I call it "flam-mable." Oh, c'mon, it's not that bad, basically it's crazy, explosive punk music; guitar, bass, drums, air horn, sound bites, and a trumpet. Oh, yeah, Nardwair "sings" the first song "St. Francis in the Wood," named after a small church in the elite (white) area of Tuddley Cove in West Vancouver. Two-doelebs also features Lenny Morgan of Overkill! Seven. (Scratch Records, 317A Cambie Street, Vancouver, B.C., V6B 2N4).

The Swingin' Neckbreakers have settled on a great name, now all they have to do is come up with some great songs. This new combo from Trenton, N.J., spew forth some pretty derivative garage rock showing nothing really special until the last song (a cover of the early rock and roller "Don't You Just Know It") of this 3-song EP. (Telstar, P.O. Box 1123, Hoboken, NJ, 07032, USA).

I also found the American Soul Spiders on a split 7" with another Japanese, this time ALL-GIRL band who have recently bowled over Sub Pop execs with their garage-punk intensity. It's the American Soul Spiders with **Super Snaz!** As great as the Soul Spiders are, these four little girls in American flag dresses steal the cake here, mainly cuz "Johnny" is a great song. These girls play hard, baby. Dig it while it's still remotely obscure. (Baylors, 633 Leonard St., #3, Brooklyn, NY, 11222, USA).

Just in from Memphis is a rock group called **The Grifters** with a new 7" called "Soda Pop." Don't let that innocent moniker fool you. The A-side, "Divine," is a bad Mellotroncampish R.O.C.K.



number, and the B-side is a directionless tune that's all over the place which never really gets together for a beat to form. Get me? I didn't like this one very much. (Shangri-La, 1916 Madison, Memphis, Tenn, 38104, USA). Add two more "Pens to the Childish discography! The first one is a couple of out-takes, from when **The Mikshakes** reformed in '91 for a Japanese album. The A-side is a blistering, Sonic-style rendition of the old rockabilly tune "Red Hot" and holy frijoles does this one smoke! The song is a boom of distorted, grating guitars and a groin, no nonsense vocals, that makes this one of the better Mikshakes recordings I have heard yet. The B-side is a fairly standard Mikshakes instrumental, but this is worth your attention for the amazing A-side alone! (Damaged Goods, P.O. Box 671, London, England, E17 6NF).

The second is a split single of **The Headcoats** and their female counterparts **These Headcoates**. The Headcoats rock it up in a "whiz" style with "Headcoat Girl" and These Headcoates do a great Link Wrayish instrumental on the back. Somebody tell these cats to slow down. (Damaged Goods, P.O. Box 671, London, England, E17 6NF).

Six Cents and Natalie are definite undergraduates of the Pooh Sticks/Pastels school of pop. [Surprise!] It's a Crayon single played.] Four soft and sweet songs project on what sounds like a cheap Casio, or some other junk, key-



board. But don't let that deter you from this record. Somehow the girl/guy group actually make it work... and quite well. The vocals are great, sounding like an inbred mix of John Cale, Gordon Gano and Paul Williams. All in all, a nice surprise. Cub and Two-doelebs

should get together and analyse this record. (Harriet, P.O. Box 649, Cambridge, MA, 02238, USA).

Gas Huffer get the award for the best sleeve of the month, hands down. You've got to see this one to believe it. Even cooler, the music is as good as the cover. A couple of very rocking, psychobilly stompers to throw

on top of your Gasuffer collection: "Hot Cakes" b/w "Beer Drinkin' Cavenmen From Mars." These guys are getting better and better. Oh, and hey, is the B-side a take off on everything that is Ishtar? Let's hope so. (Sub-Pop, 1932 1st Ave., Suite 1103, Seattle, WA, 98101, USA).



And since we're on the topic of Seattle, we might as well go over everything I've picked up from there recently... how about a brand new band called **Head?** These guys have a new 3-song EP of minimalist Ramones-ish punk rock entitled, simply, **Powerful**. These are pretty funny to say the least. The songs rock

in an amateur style that is barely evident in both their fuzzed out playing or their (moronic?) lyrics. Let's give you a sample from the last tune, "I Can See What You Dig": "Oh sweet lady give it to me brownstyle/cause I can see what you dig." Need I go any further? Fans of the Ramones and Grease Love, check out **Head**. (Harriet, P.O. Box 9144, Seattle, WA, 98109, USA).

Sinister Six: a cross between the Chesterfield Kings and **Mudhoney?** powerful, three-chord garage rock folks. An afterclap of sorts, but what keeps this single's head above the water is the rock, gutsy production. Have a feeling we'll be hearing more from these lads. (EmPty, P.O. Box 12034, Seattle, WA, 98102, USA).

The A-side's real 7" prize is the **Putters**. Though I didn't really dig the dirgey title song, "Muscle Car," the other two are pretty damn good. Punk rock, that's it. A lot of people in this world often talk about the Seattle sound, but no one's ever really been able to define it. THIS is it! This band brings together a lot of the elements of the Seattle's rock scene: loud, raucous, a fast, rockin' beat, screaming vocals and a song about booze. That's it! That is the Seattle sound! Thanks for defining it Putters. You may retire now. (EmPty, P.O. Box 12034, Seattle, WA, 98102, USA).

And for my final selection... a quirky little record on S.O.L. (Singles Only Labels) of New York. I've seen, and heard, of a few of these floating around and always thought their 1950's style design was cool, now I have one of my very own! I didn't even know Carmag de Forest was still around, but, yes, he is and his new band (yes to me, this is the first time I've heard of them) **Deathgroove** are kinda 'happenin'.

Side one, "George Bush Lies," is a well sung, well played, well written country/rock song, whereas the flipside, "Love is Strong," is a confusing, misdirected folk rock freak-out, so to speak. And guess what? I whoooooee! (S.O.L., P.O. Box 966, NY, NY, 10009, USA).

P.S. I just remembered that my friend Beez once saw the Grifters and described them to me with the following quote: "Neil Young if he were Margat O'Neil/fucking black Francis." P.P.S. See you at the Cruel Elephant!

NOVEMBER

speedy obit

RHYTHMIC UNDERGROUND

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SATURDAY OCTOBER 31
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REGGAE, SOCA, SZA
JUMBALASSY

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 6
SAN DIEGO'S ROCKIN' RASTAS
CARDIFF REEFERS

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 7
SEATTLE'S SKABEAT KINGS
TINY HAT ORCH.

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 8
CHEERFUL THRASH MAYHEM
SWANK
W/ QUEER THE PITCH

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 13
CAB CALLOWAY ON ACID
THE DADDIES

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 14
LITTLE WOMEN
WITH
JUMBALASSY

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MEDICIOUS

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the cruel elephant

the only alternative nightclub

this is it, no boring babbling into, no yapping on about what i think is important or even mildly amusing anecdotes, but no, in the ever-changing world of the elephant, this is the semi-straight goods in an easy-to-read format. rock shows ohyl: **SUNDAY SHOW!** sun 1 epiphany recording artists from d.c.

DOWN BY LAW featuring Dave smallie, ex- of ALL and DAG NASTY with victoria's **LOOT BAG** with toronto's **TRIGGER HAPPY** ex-KING PIN DOORS at 8PM, **SHOW AT 9!** tues 3 THE DISCO LEGEND CONTINUES! '70's ONLY LET DOWN YOUR COOL AND BOOGIE!! wed 4 the happy as f*ck man presents a four-band music all night event featuring edmonton's

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CRUEL 70'S DISCO ONLY! man. thurs 12 shock horror rock from san jose, america's sickest most demented band: **THE DIESEL QUEENS** (they make GVAR or HAUNTED GARAGE seem tame and sensitive) w/ **SEX WITH NIXON** w/ **THE EXULTED TIMES** fri 13 warmer recording artists **LUNA 2** featuring dean warham ex- of GALAXIE 500 also ex-

FEELES and ex-CHILLS w/ toronto's **ROCKTOPUS** and mint recording artists **CUB** sat 14 TRASH CAN SCHOOL with cargo recording artists **CHANGE OF HEART** and malador recording artists **THE JACK O NUTS** tues 17 DISCO 70'S ONLY NEED APPLY \$1 **CHEAP** wed 18 edmonton's **DEAD BEAT BACK BONE** w/ **NOISE FLOOR** w/ **NAKED FOR JESUS** thurs 19 touch and go/drag city recording artists **ROYAL TRUX** w/ another damn superconductor side project **SIZZLE TEENS** w/ **BLAISE PASCAL** fri 20 **SINNER'S SQUAD** w/ **LAGWAGON** w/ **LESTER'S WAGON** w/ **TASTE** ex-KISS 'N' BANG sat 21 sub pop recording artists **REVEREND HORTON HEAT** w/ victoria's **BUM** and **THE SWEATERS** in a cd release show tues 24 THIS DISCO NIGHTMARE CONTINUES STILL 70'S \$2 STILL **CHEAP** wed 25 local rock monsters **CAUSTIC THOUGHT** w/ **DOG EAT DOG** w/ **OMNIBOL** and **RED SUGAR** thurs 26 political folk-rock from ballmore on cargo records **DISAPPEAR FEAR** last seen here with INDIGO GIRLS w/ guests fri 27 san fran's **BRAIN JAM** w/ **ELVIS LOVE CHILD** w/ calgary's **ZEN** w/ **RUSTY NAILS** sat 28 what part of "NO FUN" can't you understand??? w. the "cuddie core" of mint recording artists **CUB**...ok, the only thing to remember is all the cheap shit during the week and the fact that we have obscenely cheap covers all the time and drinks are some of the cheapest in town, the rock acts, the quality and consistency the likes of which this town has not been accustomed to in a long, long time (if ever)...so i ask you: "what the fuck else do you want?"

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November 11-12		THE PRINCESS BRIDE	When Harry Met Sally...
November 18-19		El Topo A bizarre, western about the old testament and man's search for the meaning of life.	Exterminating Angel A surreal film from Luis Bunuel which manages to confuse, frustrate and dazzle the audience
November 25-26		Hearts of darkness A documentary look at the filming of Apocalypse Now	Apocalypse Now

November 4-5
November 11-12
November 18-19
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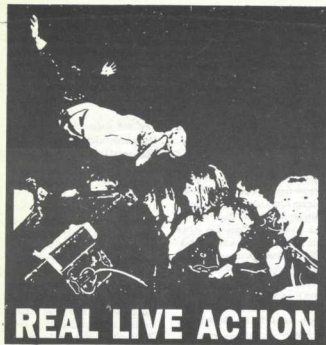
WINDWALKER

NOVEMBER 26

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BANDS START @ 9:30

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Perfume Tree Studio 16 Saturday, October 3

Over the course of a year and a half, Perfume Tree have worked hard to define a distinctive sound, and this night it was obvious that the local three-piece musical concept had gelled. On the wake of their first CD, *Dust*, Perfume Tree have become more interesting, sonically, by consistently developing more style and cohesion as a live act. Pete's agile and melodic raunch guitar and Adam's panchal bass rumbling are well integrated with the tight, multi-layered electronic drum rhythms that form the bed for Jane's soaring classical voice. The result is an artfully arranged, danceable, and poppish musical performance that connects both the physical and emotional centers. Deliberate discord notes were frequent, sometimes compelling, and interlarded successfully with the rhythmic and melodic elements of the music.

In some ways Perfume Tree's performance could be seen as flawless, especially from a technical, even commercially viable, viewpoint. But herein also lies my one contention: despite a

thoughtfully arranged repertoire of drum beats and corresponding samples, razorlike guitar hooks and ethereal vocals, with a couple of exceptions (Jane's well placed scream halfway through), I found it hard to remember I was actually watching a live performance. Perhaps if the ensemble would include a live drummer, and/or keyboards, and/or lyrics that were audible, their live presentation would contain more of the dramatic tension and sheer psychotic force suggested at.

As it was, I was quite happy and comfortable absorbing the big sounds and colorful lyrics of a professionally executed multi-media event, and amazed that such an enjoyable experience could cost a trifling six bucks! Still, in context of such a spectacle I did wish the bands' live performance took a few more risks. For instance, when was the last time you saw a local band that compelled you to feel "something gorgeous and dangerous" is actually happening here?

That's a challenging requirement for any band, and as far as an intention goes perhaps it's a moot

point with Perfume Tree. Their sound is intelligently crafted, tasteful, streamlined psychedelic dance music for the 90's, and tends to bypass menacing psycho-sonic digressions more suited to the musically incompetent, the criminally insane, and rare visionary freaks.

If their present development continues, Perfume Tree's steady perseverance and superior pop sensibilities should assure them a secure future and a committed following both locally and nationally.

Anthony Roberts

Mudhoney Carver Gymnasium, WVV Bellingham, WA Saturday, October 3

With Al Gore speaking at U Dub, Bill Clinton through Seattle not too long ago and "Stormin'" Norman Schwarzkopf hosting a book signing gala at Costco for his latest blood-music biography, the northwest has been a mecca for political rallies as of late. And what better way to thank those American voters for their support and patience than to have Mudhoney play for a couple thousand kids on the last day of voter registration. Call me cynical but 60% of the crowd looked too young to vote and more worried about going home drunk with vomit down the front of their brand new Mudhoney t-shirt. Maybe I'm just older than I think.

Nevertheless, this bill was dubbed *Hey! Hey! Hey!* for \$4 (That's right, \$4) whaddya want... Nirvana to open? So, considering the ticket price and the relatively non-existent political harangues, Medelicious and the Mudhoney were on a stage damped by lightning breaker problems. But standing under the slowly flickering candescence of the gymnasium's fluorescent lights I was trapped like a fish in the beam of a flashlight. Memory upon memory of being in the first Ph.D. class to use the gym on those elementary school mornings poured over me like the warmth from those same lights. And then a towel was snapped on my ass as I emerged from the shower of remembrance and I was listening to Bruce Pavitt's *Between Band Compilation Tape From Hell*. Beat Happening, Screaming Trees, Vaselines, almost everything I hate in music today, lulled me into a beautiful state of stupor.

And in that fashionable state Nirvana similarly took to the stage. *sans* "Good evening, Bellingham, we're Nirvana!" *sans* fanfare. *sans* set list. *sans* the hits. Nirvana's appearance was relatively low key. They weren't there to steal Mudhoney's fire, nor were they there to generate sales for an already successful album, but, simply, they were there to have fun.

After the obligatory Vaselines' cover was out of the way ("Jesus Wants Me For A Sunbeam") they took to playing the lesser known, and not as commercially available, songs from their repertoire. "Beeswax" (*Kill Rock Stars*), "Mexican Seafood" (*Terrestrial Ark*), "Silver" and "Dive" (from the Sub Pop 7") plus a few "previously unreleased" tracks from CD singles and what not. A rising line

of "Endless, Nameless" ended Nirvana's surprise appearance, with the band quietly leaving the stage for two elementary kids, paraded on by Matt Lukin, to pose and even take a whack at the stage with Chris Novacheck's bass guitar.

Before Mudhoney came on it was apparent that a vast majority of the crowd had left. Whether those folks left thinking that Mudhoney had played and even did a few cool Nirvana songs will remain a mystery but those kids will never see this band in a finer form than they were on this night. Looking healthy, spry and a bit richer than the guys from Bluzednye the audience with a mixed bag of old and new tricks. Plus the fact that

it was Matt Lukin's birthday added coal to the churning belly of the band. After a few attempts at "No End In Sight," from the newly released *Pace of Oz*, Lukin, with an exhilarating cry of "Let's stop this pussy-footin'" around and rock, dammit!

The Mudhoney locomotive drove a lengthy and flesh-ripping set. When most was said and done—just try and think of a song they wouldn't play...none, they played that one—and the Mudgays had exhausted all but their Vaselines covers, they left the stage to a solitary man. That man was, indeed, Matt "Thurston Moore" Lukin. Matt definitely learned a thing or two from Moore when they shared the same stage at the Endfest a few month's back because he kicked the shit out of Steve Turner's guitar like nothing I've ever seen! For the last 15 minutes of an already phenomenal spectacle, Matt tormented Turner's guitar beyond belief, displayed a few innovative chops, and then turned and left the stage like a man humbled...for he knew that he, and the rest of Mudhoney, are still the reigning kings of mud-rock.

Scooter

Pat Metheny Queen Elizabeth Theatre Sunday, October 4

Pat Metheny is popular among both the elite Vancouver musical scene and the sheep reading his name in so many music publications. The dichotomy between elite and sheep was obvious. Regarding his show around new material, which was met with unaccustomed enthusiasm, Metheny arranged a show that

reflected his versatility as a composer and proved equally as demanding for the members of his 8-person ensemble. Percussion, wind and string instruments were all incorporated in the worldly sounds of Metheny's music, demanding high levels of technical skill as well as a wide breadth of instrumental knowledge from



every member of the orchestra. All this talent on one stage held the potential for an amazing 2.5 hour show...theoretically. Jazz, especially Metheny's brand of it, is a very personal and introspective style of music. This is what keeps it on the fringes of commercialism. Then why were so many at the show? Well, have you ever been in a lecture where a student will ask a question from the prof. and what follows is a long, tedious and convoluted answer that no one can fully comprehend? But "it sounded good," so every one...



nodes in appreciation. The show was just like the answer: too long and involved. Sure, it may have been a clinic for budding guitarists but without more to look at Metheny's personal music is best appreciated, as well as more affordable, on CD.

Bradren Zno

Morrissey PNE Forum Monday, October 5

Yep, Morrissey moaned, but more from exhaustion than anything else. And he didn't get many gladiators this time either, poor sod. However, his young and happenin' rockabilly band have given Morrissey a good kick in

the butt and turned him into a rock's troll animal. Well, maybe that's an exaggeration but *Your Arsenal* certainly is a lot rougher than his other albums. Unfortunately, the sound in the forum was execrable—you heard the song twice because of the echo.

The cool thing was seeing teenage boys who, instead of



hanging out at a Guns 'n' Roses shows, were waving their arms expressively to "Everyday is Like Sunday." Looking like they didn't stray too often from their bedrooms, it was heartening to see guys not doing the macho thing.

The ending was weird: the lead guitarist smashed his guitar while Morrissey lay on the stage and somebody read angry, indecipherable poetry. It would've been more effective if we could have understood it, but it looked great. Not as good as his last show, but it was fun to see the Mozzier.

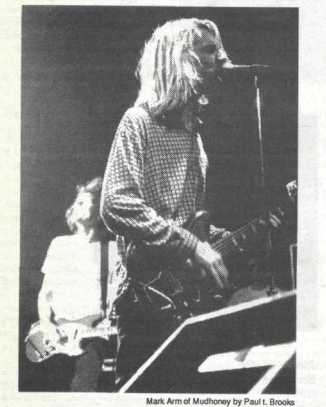
June Scudeler

Ramones Commodore Ballroom Tuesday, October 6

It's been over fifteen years since the Ramones burst onto the musical scene, and during that time, the band has endured many changes: musical styles ranging from straight-ahead, no-shit punk, to metal-punk, to pop-punk to classic rock-punk. (Not to mention more than you can shake a stick at.) In the final analysis, however, a Ramones gig is always a Ramones gig with one style throughout—sweet.

From the moment they took to the stage (a surprisingly early 11 p.m.), sweet was the name of the game as the four lads from New York ripped through classic after classic in typical Ramones no-time-to-breathe-between-songs fashion. As far as song selection was concerned, there were few surprises. But, really, which songs they play isn't the point...it never has been with these guys. Let's face it, they're the Ramones, they're one of the greatest bands of all time, and you either get them or you don't. If you were one of the chosen few at this show then you got them. Gabba Gabba Hey!

Dru Pavlov



Mark Arm of Mudhoney by Paul I. Brooker

MOFO'S PSYCHOSONIC PIX O' THE MONTH

Hill! Finally got a winner for one of my silly little contests! A resident of anal retentive Victoria writes:

Howdy Mofos,
What kinda glue are you sniffin' these days?

Grover Monster's a freakin' puppet, man. Now hand over the Kiss plaster.

Thanks in advance,
payments in arrears,
Dave

P.S. How many engrams can a guy have? (Five. - Mofos)

Well, Dave, your cynical realist perspective seems to be getting the best of you! Rather than give a creative stab at what Grover represents, Dave opted for the bitter reality. Hope nobody is disillusioned. Since Dave's answer did not draw a chuckle outta me, he does not get the secret prize of a Melvins solo LP. However, he does get said Kiss plaster. Here you go Dave, live it up!

I've devoted this month's ink to the silver screen. If there's nothing I like better than obscure vinyl, it's obscure movies. Sometimes, through my hunts through flea markets and garage sales, heaviest haggling over the worth of a suction cup indoor basketball hoop, a "Bangers Do It With Intensity" bumper sticker or Mr. Dressup crayons, and fleeing Scientologists

posing as sellers, yours truly often comes across soundtracks to movies you wouldn't dream of! Or spinoff LPs of long forgotten TV shows best left forgotten. But not by me.

Once again I outdo myself and present to you these Soundtracks From Hell! What makes these records truly special is the fact that most of the movies these are from can't be found anywhere (and in the case of the TV shows, Time-Life Video hasn't yet got their grubby mitts on them and they are thus, thankfully, unavailable). I am using the catalog of Videomatica, the ultimate all-encompassing (except when the weasel censors pull some titles) video shop (and no, this is not a plug; it's just a fact) as the barometer of obscurity. If it isn't there, rest assured it's damn hard to find!!!

Can't Stop The Music - Village People et al (Casablanca)
Natch, this is no surprise to anyone. Take a hot flavour-of-the-month disco act, pepper it with Valerie Perrine (fresh from her landmark minor role in the equally mesmerizing *Superman*), toss in stolen juke Bruce Jenner, get Nancy Walker (Rhonda's mom) to directorially coo and you have a fine, plump, juicy cinematic turkey. Although this flick drew more box office than the *Twin Peaks*

movie it has disappeared, deservingly. Spot a youthful, embarrassed Steve Guttenberg in his first of many second-banana roles. The Village People own the soundtrack, with 6 gems out of 10, and the Ritchie Family pick up the rest. Lavishly garish sleeve with lotsa hilarious photos.
Is It In Videomatica? - No, but try the Save-On-Foods vid section. It's between *Absolute Beginners* and *Zanadu*.

funk. Disappeared in 1973. Once again, a great catchall sleeve!
Is It In Videomatica? - Alas, no.

Norwood - Glen Campbell (Capitol)
This film features multi-talented (and two-dimensional) Glen Campbell playing (surprise!) a would-be singer "n' pickin' star on his way to the big time. Along for the ride are Kim Darby (who?), Dom Delouise, and token jock Joe

copy of this album you are blessed. **Is It In Videomatica?** - Get real!

The One and Only - Patrick Williams (ABC)
Henry Winkler's first film is a sorry spectacle directed by an under-mister Carl Reiner. He plays a pro wrestler, dig? Along for the ride are Kim Darby (who?), Hervé Villechaze, and William Daniels. The cool thing about this is the title song (sung by Kacey Callaghan) says that name six times quickly! appears three times and is included in eight of the remaining twelve tracks! Talk about trying to stretch your royalties!
Yeah, But Is It In Videomatica? - Nope!

The Trial of Billy Jack - Elmer Bernstein (ABC)
I actually saw this one! An incredibly long (3 1/2 hours!) disjointed movie where amazingly stupid things go on. Why are the Marines shooting up the new age school Billy Jack's disabled, feminist wife is leading, and why is Billy Jack in the desert finding himself while this is going on? This is a politically correct conspiracy freaks wet dream! Kudos to the TV station for having the balls to air this film without ads, and kudos to the drugs that kept me watching it all the way through! The music sucks, by the way, but it's up there with

Superfly T.N.T. for rarity. **Is It In Videomatica?** - Nuh-uh.

Last and definitely least, **The Psychosonic Pick O' The Month!!!!!!**

Laugh In '69 - Original Cast (Reprise)

From the label that brings you Babes in Toyland and Mudhoney comes a remarkable window on what happens when a straight network attempts to be "hip." Called from the semi-hit series that launched Goldie Hawn's career, *Laugh In '69* is about as hurin' as you'd expect. Bad puns, stupid political humour, and exoteric jokes that are about as easy to laugh at as a Dennis Miller monologue! Cool things are the appearance of Dave "Ruben kincid" Madden and the dizzy blonde act Goldie and guest Connie Stevens perform. On it is how the hippie culture looks once it's warped by a network. I can't wait to see what happens when they do a sitcom about the whole grunge scene! And no, it's not in Videomatica.

I'm going to stop now. My fingers feel fat and bloody and I growl faint. Next month the Mofos Holiday Shopping Spree and Buying Guide!!!! See ya!

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Superfly T.N.T. - Osibisa (Buddah Records)
This sequel to *Superfly* cemented Ron O'Neal's role as the James Bond of pimps. Written by Alex Haley(!), *Superfly T.N.T.* features a totally nowhere soundtrack by Osibisa, the Toto of international

Namath in this "laugh-a-line, down home comedy and just like *True Grit*, a direct hit!" (their words) A direct hit is what Campbell needs for: a) soiling his good name by acting; b) doing some mad Davis songs on one LP (6). The linettes are a blast, and if you find another



UNDER REVIEW

NEGATIVLAND
The Letter U and the Numeral Two (Universal Media Network)
This is not so much a musical work as an informational booklet and CD about the thirteenth that ensued around Negativland's release of a vastly different version of U2's "Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For" on SST last year. Although anyone with half a brain (which apparently isn't an employment qualification for Island or Warner/Capitol) could tell the single wasn't intended to milk U2 out of their politically correct earned millions, Island and Warner/Capitol spent

\$45,000 on lawyers to squash Negativland and SST into butter. The booklet is a collection of documents relevant to the case (and the subsequent trials of lawsuit by SST, claiming number one, Greg Ginn, chairman Negativland, paid all legal and other costs involved with said single), as well as faxes to and from the band, and from Island, SST, Casey Kasem, and assorted interviews and articles. The CD is a discussion on copyright laws, by Crossley Bendix, one of the band's chasers.

The whole package has much more relevance these days when U2 is using copyrighted brands and

other parties in their Zoo TV tour, violating the same laws their record company claims Negativland broke. The sheer hypocrisy of U2, Island Records, SST, Casey Kasem, and others becomes apparent as you read the book. Equally mindboggling is the idea that U2, a band with such an ethically conscious image and enormous power in the music business, would allow such actions by the companies they make so much money for and continue to do business with corporate leeches like Island and Warner/Chappell.

Granted, the book is biased but as a result of these people's actions, like 1989's *Heiter Stupid*, this package becomes a part of Negativland's media art, with a far more serious tone. It is a limited edition run of 4000, so snap 'em up! U2 will be in town soon. I dare them to give me a call during their show, where, Bonaparts will have their cellular phone, so I can ask him how he feels about large corporations using their name to squash artists and their art. My number is 255-2711 (I have call display, so no pranks!).

If you want to stir up some shit, here's some addresses:
Island Records
Attn: Chris Blackwell, President
22 St. Peter's Square
London, W6 9NW, England
Fax: 001-748-1998

Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.
Attn: Don Beiderman, Senior VP for Legal and Business Affairs
1290 6th Ave., Ninth Floor
New York, NY 10019
Fax: 212-315-5590

In addition to boycotting SST, write 'em:
SST Records
Attn: Greg Ginn
10500 Humboldt St.
Los Alamitos, CA 90210

I suggest you fax them, they gotta read them!!

Also, I have a copy of the work in question. If you send me a tape, your phone # and return postage, I'll do you a dub. Send it to CTR, care of me. Most of it isn't their greatest work, but there's one mix that's great. Remember, kids, Art before Profit!! Fax Negativland at 510-420-0469.

Mofos

PORK QUEEN
Torso (Trackshun Industries)
Pitting the record on, the first sound is a noisy loop that, just as you are reassuring yourself that the record isn't skipping, acquires a more musical loop. It then changes to something that makes you get up and look at the turntable again. The second piece uses distortion of the familiar guitar variety to make its subtle presence felt. After that is another set of loops with a warm oceanic-static feel.

On the second side, the lulling effect continues then gives way abruptly to a scratchy guitar, both impressively noisy and useful if you have something on the stove. The record finishes with crickets, a tractor, and a man speaking in a language I can't recognize.

I find a use for this record when I want to write or concentrate without some bloody SONG going through my head. If you've ever watched the static between stations and thought it was changing occasionally, it would be your favourite channel, then this bedroom Eno is for you. If you dare to scoff, remember that Lou Reed and Lee Ranaldo got away with this sort of thing, and, personally, I prefer this to *Metal Machine Music*, *From Here To Infinity*, the fridge downstairs, and the entire Ambient series.

Available in an edition of 609 with hand done covers.

Mark Szabo

new roots-reggae albums that deluged the summer. As on his last, *Images*, there is a continued exploration of contemporary dancehall-style riddims as a contrast to Cliff's conscious visions. The opening track, "I'm a Winner," with its rowdy sing-along feel, wastes no time grabbing your attention through this diverse set. Reggae staple "Sitting in Limbo" gets a fresh re-working as does "Stepping Out Of Limbo," no longer a ballad, but a very danceable, robust outing. Although one ballad is included, this is one of Cliff's most high energy releases in some time.

A pleasant surprise is the inclusion of a soukous track, recorded in Zaire and backed by the excellent O.K. Jazz Band, a Brazilian-recorded tune, "Samba Reggae," featuring local musicians Aru Ketu and the Sao Bento Choir. Cliff's usual band, the Oneness Band, is in fine form on the remaining tracks under the leadership of keyboardist-extraordinaire Ansel Collins. Since forming his own record label, Jimmy Cliff has, predictably, acquired the advantage of complete production control with his last two albums certainly sounding the better

JIMMY CLIFF
Breakout (JRS)
Jimmy Cliff's new release came as a fresh breath of air among the many

for it. Whether this release attracts a sizeable audience is hard to say but a few tunes, such as the title track and "Jimmy Jammy," may be possible candidates for dance remixes user-friendly to the hip-hop crowd.

With *Breakout*, Jimmy Cliff marks 30 years of recording activity, and the 90's look like a winner for this artist with no let-up in innovation or inspiration. Meanwhile, the studio releases get better and better.

Mike Cherry

THE FALLOUTS (Super-Electro/Super-Pop)

"...but man I know I'll get far, cuz I can't sing or play guitar, cuz I ain't got... AMBITION!" screams Dave (lead guitar/vocals) of Seattle garage trio, The Fallouts. For their first full-length release on the Super-Electro label, created by bassist Steve, these guys sure deliver the kind of low-fi Milkshakes-inspired raunch I craved. With no song barely above the two minute mark, save the charming "About You," The Fallouts churn out no-guff, sixties-punk slop with songs like "Never Be The Same" and "The Jealous Kind" in a crude but deadly fashion. Notin' deephere, just blasts of pure fun for your bold and appreciative ears. Breathe deep, play loud!

Bryce Dunn

SUPERSUCKERS The Smoke of Hell (Sub Pop)

Hotter than 1000 suns. Hotter than a urinary infection. Hotter than really good sex. Hotter than a New Orleans afternoon. Hotter than re-entry. Hotter than the devil's sumpit. Hotter than a blue flame. Hotter than a Nolan Ryan fastball. Hotter than a sauna in Fiji. Hotter than a Red Hot Chili Pepper. Oh, boy, I love these guys.

Chris Uren

REIN SANCTION Mariposa (Sub Pop)

As my roomy says, there's a fine line between a distinctive style and a bunch of songs that sound the same. Sadly, Rein Sanction's *Mariposa* crosses that line.

Mariposa is initially intoxicating, with richly layered songs driven by unique guitar sound and a genius for creating texture. Unfortunately, the texture never changes and before long that unique guitar sound has taken on the aggravating consistency of church bells. Before you know it, the back of your mind demands to know how long this record is and you're stuck with the obvious answer...too long.

Chris Uren

HAPPY MONDAYS Yes, Please! (Elektra/Warner)

I'm so bored with the hype behind this band. Do I care about how many of whichever drugs Shaun Ryder decides to put in his body? Does his new look have any bearing on what clothes I ask my Mom to put out for me in the morning? Look, the guys

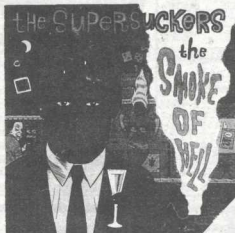
over thirty and he's a relic. Bring back *The Beachcombers* and put him on a rug boat. Enough of Shaun Ryder, there's other members in The Mondays...musicians.

Their last album, *Pills 'n' Thrills and Bellyaches*, was the best sounding, grooviest offering of the Manchester party (what else do you call it?...explosion?) and *Yes, Please!* falls short. While it has its moments in tracks like "Sinkin' Thinkin'," and "Dustman," the album generally consists of flat, disco bass lines and dull beats. Maybe it was the producer's fault—Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz of the Talking Heads/Tom Tom club did the honors. If you love the Happy Mondays then you are going to buy this album regardless of what I write, that's the beauty of hype and success. But, hey, you've been warned.

Justin Love

THE BOO RADLEYS Everything's Alright Forever (Creation/Columbia)

This newish CD by this new-ish band on Creation records is one of those albums that fills in all the spaces that the other music in your collection has forgotten about. Beginning and ending with two tracks that would fit nicely on any James Bond soundtrack, the other 13 selections are bright, brash, and as fresh as anything that has come along in the last 100 years. No punk rock/garage rock here, just some of the best noise-pop this popaholic has had the pleasure of experiencing.



If you like Swervedriver's progressions and crave My Bloody Valentine's noise, then you are in for a treat with this one. Do yourself a favor, get this disc. Unlike some labels that seem to be slowing down (4AD), and others that never got started (Nettwerk), Creation continue to surge ahead. Oh yeah, The Boo Radleys are English. Does it matter? Don't confuse them with the Canadian prairie band of the same name.

Justin Love

SISTER MACHINE GUN Sins of the Flesh (Wax Trax Records)

Yet another industrial, techno, sonic hardware attack from hosenice folks at Wax Trax. Oh, I know what you're saying, all these albums sound alike, and I have to admit, Sister Machine Gun sound a lot like Nine Inch Nails. Lead singer Chris Randall's voice is

similar to Trent Reznor's and even these song patterns are pretty much the same. But...like NIN, and like S.M.G.

SMG does have memorable songs, like "Sins of the Flesh," "X-rated Movie," "Not my God," "Night Returning" and other titles that instill faith in the human race. Some songs sound Depeche Modish (heavy in the Gothic keyboards) which is unusual considering the album was produced by Nivek Ogre (Skinny Puppy) and Sasha (KMFDM). However, SMG is more than memorable, they're good, good enough to deserve what?...money? I guess.

It would be cool to hear this stuff in clubs, but now that I've said that, I'm never going to hear it in clubs. So, in lieu of a club, put it in your car stereo, drive down Pacific around all those new construction sites (at night, of course), blast it on your sound system and scare the shit out of those late-night ar-wilders so they'll screw up and have to get those union guys to fix their mistakes in the morning.

Tripp

NINE INCH NAILS Broken (TVT/Interscope)

Okay, okay, so what was it, like 50 years ago Trent Reznor released "Dead Like A Hole" (right)? Then a decade later came *Pretty Hate Machine*? Then "Down In It" and "Sins"? N.I.N. mooched off of the consumer long enough? Well, it looks like Mr. Reznor has finally decided to work for his money (c...well, kinda). It's nice to see that he can still write and create music...I mean he's been remixing for sooo long!!! But what's there to say about the new release which isn't even a full length album? Broken?

If you're a big gullible fan, like myself, you've already ran to the local record shop and picked up your copy so you don't need me to tell you how it is. But, if you don't have it...get it. It's full of solid rhythm and a powerful (and repetitive) guitar sound. I think it's better than *Pretty Hate Machine*, and you get a cool 3" CD with the regular sized 5" CD. [Sorry, these were only available with the first 10,000 pressings, so if you don't have it by now you are shit out of luck. Ed.] The 3" has another version of the *Pretty Hate* song "Suck" and an Adam Ant cover. In all, there's about a half hour of music that you can kill your cardums with. "Help me I am in hell."

Christ Bentzen

Shindig

CONTINUES IN
NOVEMBER:

MON. 2
BRAND NEW UNIT
MAN
TIN MEN

MON. 9
THE MANY
REAL MACKENZIES
TWITCH

MON. 16
HOWARD VS. WILLY
VICIOUS BARBS
TBA

MON. 23
1ST ROUND SEMI-FINALS:
MEET DAISY
STICK MONKEY
TEN FEET TALL

MON. 30
2ND ROUND SEMI-FINALS:
DARKEST OF THE HILLSIDE
THICKETS
MOVIELAND
WOO WOOS

come on down to the
railway @ 572 dunsmuir and
check out three hot local
bands every monday! \$4
cover, open to everyone!





CHARTS

NOVEMBER 92 LONG GROOVES 50

1 BATES IN TOYLAND	FONTANELLE	REPRISE
2 SONIC YOUTH	THE SMOKE OF HELL	MCA+DGC
3 SUPERLUCKERS	SLAKE	CARGO-SUB POP
4 DRIP TANK	BROKEN	ATLANTIC
5 NINE INCH NAILS	PEPPERMINT EP	MURDER
7 VARIOUS ARTISTS	AFTERNOON DELIGHT	CARGO-SUB POP
8 BRIAN ENO	NERVE NET	WARNER
9 RAMONES	MONDO BIZARRO	MCA+RADIOACTIVE
10 VARIOUS ARTISTS	INTERNATIONAL POP CONVENTION	CARGO-K
11 FURNEFACE	JUST BUY IT	CARGO-ONE HANDED
12 PJ HARRY	DRY	INDIGO
13 SLOPPY SECONDS	THE FIRST SEVEN INCHES	TAMING
14 SNUFF	REACH	CARGO-K
15 VARIOUS ARTISTS	20 MORE EXPLOSIVE FANTASTIC...	PRAVDA
16 SUGAR	FANTASTIC PLANET	DOVENTER/AMT
17 LUNGFISH	TALKING SONGS FOR WALKING	DISCORD
18 DIN	COPPER BLUE	RYKODISC
19 VARIOUS ARTISTS	CASSETTE MYTHOS AUDIO ALCHEMY	WHAT NEXT
20 DOWN BY LAW	BLUE	EPIGRAPH
21 MIGHTY LEMON DROPS	RICOCHET	WARNER
22 VESSELIS	A COMPLETE HISTORY	CARGO-SUB POP
23 SUZANNE VEGA	99.9F	A&M
24 WEEN	THE POD	CARGO-SHAMMY/DISC
25 VARIOUS ARTISTS	TWIN PEAKS SOUNDTRACK	WARNER
26 WILD MINK	MISS HAPPINESS	CAROLINE
27 BELLY	SLOW DUST EP	4AD
28 GARDYULES	WITHOUT END	S.R.L.
29 KING BUZZO	MELVINS	BONER
30 LUNA	LUNAPARK	ELEKTRA
31 MIDWIMMIN	SKZ	BIG DOG

32 MINISTRY	PSALM 69	WARNER-SIRE
33 BABY FORD	WARNER-SIRE	
34 BILLY CHILDISH	THE ORIGINAL CHATHAM JACK	CARGO-SUB POP
35 MOTORHEAD	MARCH ON DIE	SONY
36 NAPALM DEATH	UTOPIA BANISHED	RELATIVITY
37 PGR	THE CHEMICAL BRIDE	DOV-SILENT
38 RANDOM KILLING	WELCOME...	A&M+RAW ENERGY
39 VARIOUS ARTISTS	JUST SAY YES TO YESTERDAY	WARNER-SIRE
40 RHESOTATOS	WHALE MUSIC	INTERPPO
41 SEX GANG CHILDREN	BLIND	CLEOPATRA
42 UROY	ROCK WITH IT	RAS
43 VARIOUS ARTISTS	DEAD TECH 3	CHARNEL HOUSE
44 VELOCITY GIRL	EP	CARGO-SUB POP
45 POUJO	COR CORANE SECRET	MERSE
46 FALL-OUTS	FALL-OUTS	SUPER ELECTRIC
47 FLUXE TUNNEL	TEETH EP	RELATIVITY
48 PRAMS	TRANSMUTATION	AXIOM
49 VARIOUS ARTISTS	A WEEK IN THE REAL WORLD	VIRGIN+REAL WORLD
50 FLAMING YIP	HITTO DEATH IN THE FUTURE HEAD	WARNER

NOVEMBER 92 SHORTIE GROOVES 35

1 LUNG	"LITANY"/"FLUCK GENERATOR" 7"	SERIAL KILLER
2 SHADOWY MEN	DOG & SQUEEGIE 7"	ESTRUS
3 ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT	4 SONG 7"	SUB POP
4 THE FLOCKERS	3 SONG 7"	SUB POP
5 THE WORST	5 SONG 7"	INDEPENDENT
6 BLISS	BABY I'M YOURS 7"	CARGO+PATOS
7 CRACKERBASH	"NOV.1"/"HALLOWEEN CANOY" 7"	SUB POP
8 LEATHER UPPERS	5 SONG 7"	FAMOUS
9 TANKHOG	TRAIN SONGS 7"	MINI
10 BUM/SCOTT HENDERSON	BLOSS VOL. 3 7"	WAY OUT
11 CODEINE	"REALIZE"/"BREAKHEARTED WINE" 7"	SUB POP
12 LEMONADE	OUR PEAS SET TO MUSIC 7"	FACE THE MUSIC
13 SINISTER SIX	"GO AWAY"/"KEEP MY COOL" 7"	EMPTY
14 TWERDOCLEB	THE GNAT EP 7"	SCRATCH
15 FRAMPTON BROTHERS	"DO THE CHAIR"/"TURNITURE" 7"	BOGUS
16 GAS HUFFER	HOTCAKES 7"	SUB POP
17 GRAVEL	"AS FOR TOMORROW"	ESTRUS
18 MONOMEN	"SKIN AND BONES"/"COMA/CH" 7"	SUB POP
19 PUTTERS	"3 SONG EP 7"	EMPTY
20 ALICE DONUT	"BAGDADE" 7"	ALTERNATIVE TENGAS
21 BILLY CHILDISH	"BALLAD OF HOLLIS BROWN" 7"	SUB POP
22 CRIMINAL NATION	"EXCUSE ME MR. OFFICER" 12"	NASTYMIX
23 DA LENCH MOB	"GUERILLAS IN THE MIST" 12"	EXACT WEST
24 KIDSENSATION	"THE WEEKEND" 12"	NASTYMIX
25 DHARMA BOMB/CRACKERBASH	3 SONG EP 7"	7/K
26 DRONE	IF YOU CAN'T FUCK IT... 7"	INDEPENDENT
27 KING COBB STEELIE	"ONE'S A HEFFER"/"DUOTANG" 7"	INDEPENDENT
28 DRINKS WITH GUNS	"SUPERSTAR" 7"	BAG O' HAMMERS
29 MC REN	"FINAL FRONTIER" 12"	PRIORITY
30 PAW	"LOLITA"/"ONE MORE BOTTLE" 7"	NASTY POPE
31 RANCID HELL SPAWN	4 SONG EP 7"	WRENCH
32 RISE	"WHERE TO FIND" 7"	SUPERSOUND
33 ROTAL TRUX	"RED TIGER"/"LAW MAN" 7"	DRAG CITY
34 SAW TOOTH	KINDA STANKY 7"	EN GUARD
35 SICK AND WRONG	3 SONG EP 7"	SUB POP

NOVEMBER 92 SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTYCLOTHES

1 MEET DAISY	"LITTLE ZEBRAS"
2 BLAISE PASCAL	"TURNS TILES"
3 STAIN	"BEHIND THE WALL"
4 CAUSTIC THOUGHT	"PLANET CLARICE"
5 BLAISE PASCAL	"SUITCASES AND POSTCARDS"
6 FRANKAS	"MIND FUNK"
7 ELVIS LOVE CHILD	"THIRD EYE"
8 JUDY RADUL	"BUCKLE UP"
9 CONTEMPT	"GRANDFATHER CLOCK"
10 TERROR T	"NO MEANS 'NO"
11 SHORT LEASH	"DRINKING WITH THE ANGEL"
12 MOVIELAND	"RANT"
13 HUEVOS RANCHEROS	"REPTILE"
14 MEET DAISY	"TRAIN SONG"
15 RHYMES WITH ORANGE	"MARVIN"
16 RUSTY NAILS	"SECOND HAND SMOKE"
17 VINAIGRETTE	"I WAS SAVED"
18 AGING YOUTH GANG	"I WANTED YOU"
19 THE ROAD	"THE DREAM"
20 SHE STOLE MY BEER	"THE GRINCH LIVES"
21 DID SOUL	"SQUIDLINE"
22 FOAM	"LET JESUS PUT HIS LOVE DEEP INSIDE YOU"
23 GOAT BOY	"TIRED"
24 CHROME GOD	"LOVE DRUG"
25 GRAVE MISTAKE	"GREEN GROUND"
26 RATTLED ROSTERS	"I'LL BE GOOD"
27 PIGMENT VEHICLE	"I AM"
28 AGING YOUTH GANG	"BABY BOOMERS"
29 NENDIKS	"HAD TO GET AWAY"
30 NOISE FLOOR	"NATIVE SUN"
31 MATRIPHILES	"COMMON THREAD"
32 JACK FEELS FINE	"DANCE OF THE MOTH AND CANDLE"
33 JJ	"THE SIMPLE THINGS"
34 NGOMA	"SHORT EGG"
35 SAINTS AND POETS	"BETTER LIFE"

DO YOU REMEMBER ROCK'N'ROLL RADIO? DISORDER CHARTS 5 YEARS AGO.

1 BOB'S YOUR UNCLE	BOB'S YOUR UNCLE	CRIMINAL
2 54-40	SHOW ME	WEA
3 ALLEN SEX FRIEND	HERE GUM GERMS	ANAGRAM
4 DUKES OF DUSTSPHIER	PSONIC SUNSPOT	VIRGIN
5 LEE PERRY & STRIP SYNDICATE	JUNGLE	ONU SOUND
6 PUBLIC IMAGE LTD.	SEATTLE	CAPITOL
7 CABARET VOLTAIRE	CODE	VIRGIN
8 BIG BLACK	SONGS ABOUT FUCKING	BLAST FIRST
9 R.E.M.	DOCUMENT NO.5	I.R.S.
10 RAMONES	HALFWAY TO SANITY	WEA

Dialing for Celebrities

BY EXCUBUS MANSLAUGHTER

Wonder who we'll be calling? Well gather 'round and pull up a chair and I'll weave you a tale of sheer horror, enough to make the goose bumps on your arms lift off and fly south. Who did I call? I don't even know. All I did was pick up the phone, press 1 and then randomly dialed 10 additional digits. Scary huh?

? Hello.
Excubus: Hey, How ya' doing buddy?
?: I'm fine, Thank you.

(I decided not to give him much time to speak, he was probably forty or fifty years old)

So, How about those Blue Jays?
?: Who?

You know with this debate on yes or no for the constitution, I was wondering what your opinion is and how it will effect Quebec?
?: Do I know you?
Ha ha ha, it's me buddy.
?: Is that you, Dave?

Uh...ya, you want to go out later, I'll meet you downtown somewhere?
?: I'm busy with Sarah tonight, maybe tomorrow.

See ya next month kids.

Okay. Say, have you ever done anything famous?
?: What kind of question is that?

I'm just curious.
?: I guess the only thing was getting written up in the paper after the court case, but you know about that.

Aaah ya. Say I gotta get going. Give me a call and I'll take you out...drinks on me.
?: You get rich all of a sudden? You got it, I'll call you tomorrow. See ya.

Ya bye.

Well, I don't know who that fellow was but just my luck to snafu a felon. Now just so you don't think that was pure luck, I made about five calls before that, most just hung up and two didn't speak english. Next time I think I'll give Hunter S. Thompson a dingle. And I guess you all want your alternative tips of the month:

- 1) Write to *Disorder* and tell everyone how many years you have been hanging at the 'Scuz'.
- 2) Get a T-shirt with Gwar blood on it.
- 3) Dye your hair black.

See ya next month kids.



FUCK ALTERNATIVE!



DISORDER DATEBOOK

FRIDAY 30 Carnival Art with Jack Feels Fine and Panel of Spiders at the Cruel Explanant. Art Bergmann and special guests at the Arts Club. Sandra Bernhard at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre (8pm). The Grapes of Wrath with Circle C and Eugene Ripper at the Commodore. Young Saints with Rotocloud at the Town Pump. Beggars in the House of Plenty continues at the Station Street Arts Centre (8pm, 930 Station St.). Pacific Show Festival continues at the Waterfront Theatre (Granville Island). Waiting For The Parade continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre. Memoir continues at the Arts Club Mainstage. Festival of Animation at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

SAT 31 MDC with Mystery Machine and Sineater at the Cruel Explanant. Licorice Whip Halloween on Beach with The Outrageous Valentines, The Canelados, Cressy Family and Grandma Moses at The Penthouse. Dances of The Last Salute with Yoda Hills and Bones And Feather, Chris Houston's Evil Twang, and First Deep Kiss at the PG Gallery (9pm). The Hard Rock Miners at the Town Pump. Catic Fiddle Festival with Kevin Barker, John Cunningham, and Christian Lamotte at the WISE Club. Beggars in the House of Plenty continues at the Station Street Arts Centre (8pm). Pacific Show Festival continues at the Waterfront Theatre (Granville Island). Waiting For The Parade continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8pm). Festival of Animation at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

SUN 1 Down By Law with Dog Nasty, Lost Bag and Trigger Happy at the Cruel Explanant. Contempt with El Canchero and Sineater at the Nippy Dugout (all ages, 5pm). Wyckham Porteous at the Arts Club Theatre (Granville Island, 8pm). Pacific Show Festival continues at the Waterfront Theatre (Granville Island). Festival of Animation continues at the Ridge (6:15pm & 8:45pm).

MON 2 CTR SHINDIG AT THE RAILWAY CLUB WITH BRAND NEW LUT, MAN AND TM MEN. The Leavellers with guests The Sineaters at the Town Pump. Pacific Show Festival continues at the Waterfront Theatre (Granville Island). Festival of Animation continues at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

TUE 3 Zachary Richard with guests Stigmata at the Town Pump. Man on the Moon, Woman on the Pill continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8:30pm). U2 at BC Place Stadium (sold out). Beggars in the House of Plenty continues at the Station Street Arts Centre (8pm). Pacific Show Festival continues at the Waterfront Theatre (Granville Island). Waiting For The Parade continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8pm). Festival of Animation continues at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm). Memoir continues at the Arts Club Mainstage (9pm).

WED 4 Miniretro on Speed with Jumbo Bros, Meat Dials and Tickle Trunk at the Cruel Explanant. Testament with DRI at the New York Theatre (all ages). Man on the Moon, Woman on the Pill continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8:30pm). Beggars in the House of Plenty continues at the Station Street Arts Centre (8pm). Pacific Show Festival continues at the Waterfront Theatre (Granville Island). Waiting For The Parade continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre. Memoir continues at the Arts Club Mainstage (8pm). U2 at BC Place Stadium. Festival of Animation at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

THU 5 THE PHANTOMS AT THE UBC PIT PUB. Rain Senction with Windwalker and Phlog Camp at the Cruel Explanant. Bourne and McLeod at the Commodore. Man on the Moon, Woman on the Pill continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8:30pm). Beggars in the House of Plenty continues at the Station Street Arts Centre (8pm). Pacific Show Festival continues at the Waterfront Theatre (Granville Island). Waiting For The Parade continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre. Memoir continues at the Arts Club Mainstage. Festival of Animation at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

FRIDAY 6 Jesus Lizard with Jon Spencer's Blues Explosion with Wrack at the Cruel Explanant. Partners with Trouble from Chicago at the Commodore. Man on the Moon, Woman on the Pill continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8:30pm). Beggars in the House of Plenty continues at the Station Street Arts Centre (8pm). Pacific Show Festival continues at the Waterfront Theatre (Granville Island). Waiting For The Parade continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre. Memoir continues at the Arts Club Mainstage. Festival of Animation at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

SAT 7 Chrome Dog with The Morgenthaus with Louder Than God with The Snow Dogs at the Cruel Explanant. Pure with Windwalker at the Town Pump. Revolution Gaze, Close Pump, 48 Crash, Bughouse Flies, Elvis Love Child, Naked For Jesus, Shits and Bases and The Bombshells at the Commodore. Man on the Moon, Woman on the Pill closes at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8:30pm). Beggars in the House of Plenty continues at the Station Street Arts Centre (8pm). Pacific Show Festival continues at the Waterfront Theatre (Granville Island). Waiting For The Parade continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre. Memoir continues at the Arts Club Mainstage. Festival of Animation at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

SUN 8 Lung with Blake Pascal and Crates at the Nippy Dugout (all ages, 5pm). Coastal Jazz and Blues with Sheila Jordan and Harvey Swartz at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm). Pacific Show Festival continues at the Waterfront Theatre (Granville Island). Festival of Animation at the Ridge (6:15 & 8:45pm).

MON 9 CTR SHINDIG AT THE RAILWAY CLUB WITH THE REAL MACKENZIES, THE MANY AND TWITCH. House of Love, Catherine Wheel (UK), and Ocean Colour Scene at the Commodore. Peter Himmelman with Rick Colbourne and Hard Poetry at the Town Pump. Pacific Show Festival continues at the Waterfront Theatre (Granville Island). Memoir continues at the Arts Club Mainstage. Festival of Animation at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

TUE 10 Disco Night at the Cruel Explanant. Lyte Lovett at the Ophemus. Yotto Yindi at the Town Pump. Beggars in the House of Plenty continues at the Station Street Arts Centre (8pm). Pacific Show Festival continues at the Waterfront Theatre (Granville Island). Waiting For The Parade continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre. Memoir continues at the Arts Club Mainstage. Festival of Animation at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

WED 11 Shrikeback with Low Pop Suicide and Sky City Mary at the Commodore. Rhianon: Toward Home opens at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm). Beggars in the House of Plenty continues at the Waterfront Theatre (Granville Island). Waiting For The Parade continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre. Memoir continues at the Arts Club Mainstage. Festival of Animation at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

THU 12 STIGMATA AT THE UBC PIT PUB. The Desert Queens with Sex With Nosed on the Exiled Time at the Cruel Explanant. Rhianon: Toward Home continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm). Beggars in the House of Plenty continues at the Station Street Arts Centre (8pm). Pacific Show Festival continues at the Waterfront Theatre (Granville Island). Waiting For The Parade continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre. Memoir continues at the Arts Club Mainstage. Festival of Animation at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

FRIDAY 13 Luna with Rotoclouds and Cub at the Cruel Explanant. The Last Wild Sons and special guests at the Level 5 Club. Irish Hushich with Tricladia Ar La Band, the Stouters, the Li/Wat Drummers, Jimmy Slider, Celia O'Neill, Myck Gordon, and David Bouvier at the WISE Club. Rhianon: Toward Home continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm). Beggars in the House of Plenty continues at the Station Street Arts Centre (8pm). Pacific Show Festival continues at the Waterfront Theatre (Granville Island). Waiting For The Parade continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8pm). Memoir continues at the Arts Club Mainstage. Festival of Animation at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

SAT 14 Trash Can School with Change Of Heart and The Jack O Nuts at the Cruel Explanant. Rhianon: Toward Home closes at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm). Beggars in the House of Plenty closes at the Station Street Arts Centre (8pm). Pacific Show Festival closes at the Waterfront Theatre (Granville Island). Waiting For The Parade continues at the Arts Club Mainstage. Festival of Animation at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

SUN 15 Rotoclouds with Elvis Love Child and guests at the Nippy Dugout (all ages, 5pm). Maestro Fresh Was at the Commodore. Festival of Animation at the Ridge (6:15 & 8:45pm).

MON 16 CTR PRESENTS SHINDIG AT THE RAILWAY CLUB, HOWARD VS. WILLY VICIOUS BARBS, TBA. Alison Krauss at the Commodore. Memoir continues at the Arts Club Mainstage. Festival of Animation at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

TUE 17 Disco Night at the Cruel Explanant. Memoir continues at the Arts Club Mainstage. Festival of Animation at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

WED 18 Sugar with Throwing Muses and the Boo Radleys at the Commodore. Dead Beat Back Bone with Naked For Jesus at the Cruel Explanant. Memoir continues at the Arts Club Mainstage. Festival of Animation at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

THU 19 WINDWALKER AT THE UBC PIT PUB. Royal Trust with Sizzle Tees and Blaise Pascal at the Cruel Explanant. UBC Music presents Chamber Music of Today at the UBC Recital Centre (8pm). Memoir continues at the Arts Club Mainstage. Festival of Animation at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

FRIDAY 20 HU Harvey with David J at the Town Pump. Sinner's Squad with Lagwagon with

Leslie's Wagon at the Cruel Explanant. 12 Minde's Gunkland opens at the Smack Gallery of Modern Art. Eternal Return opens at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre. Memoir continues at the Arts Club Mainstage. Festival of Animation at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

SAT 21 Reverend Horton Heat with BUM and The Sineaters at the Cruel Explanant. Eternal Return continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre. 12 Minde's Gunkland continues at the Smack Gallery. Memoir closes at the Arts Club Mainstage. Festival of Animation at the Ridge (7 & 9:30pm).

SUN 22 BUM with The Swedens, Oogoodlaugh and McArthurwell at the Nippy Dugout (all ages, 5pm). Vancouver Folk Music Festival presents Ant Difference at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm). 12 Minde's Gunkland continues at the Smack Gallery. Festival of Animation closes at the Ridge. (6:15 & 8:45pm).

MON 23 CTR PRESENTS SHINDIG SEM-FINALS AT THE RAILWAY CLUB WITH MEET DASHY, STICK MONKEYS, TEN FEET TALL. 12 Minde's Gunkland continues at the Smack Gallery.

TUE 24 Disco Night at the Cruel Explanant. Ron Wood with Immaculate Feet at the Commodore. 12 Minde's Gunkland continues at the Smack Gallery.

WED 25 Caustic Thought with Omimbel and Red Sugar at the Cruel Explanant. 12 Minde's Gunkland continues at the Smack Gallery.

THU 26 JHO NED BONE AT THE UBC PIT PUB. Disappear Face with guests at the Cruel Explanant. Eternal Return continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre. 12 Minde's Gunkland continues at the Smack Gallery.

FRIDAY 27 Delin Jam with Elvis Love Child with Zen and Ruffy Nails at the Cruel Explanant. Eternal Return continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre. VCC Jewellery Art & Design Exhibition and Sale at Granville Island, across from Pelican Bay Restaurant. 12 Minde's Gunkland continues at the Smack Gallery.

SAT 28 No Fun Club with the Cruel Explanant. Eternal Return continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre. Yousouf Nour at the Commodore. VCC Jewellery Art & Design Exhibition and Sale at Granville Island continues. 12 Minde's Gunkland continues at the Smack Gallery.

SUN 29 Dub Party Smorobash with Smorobash videos, DJ Kijopoke, skate demos, and live Dub with The Rootabags at the Nippy Dugout (all ages, 5pm). VCC Jewellery Art & Design Exhibition and Sale at Granville Island continues. 12 Minde's Gunkland continues at the Smack Gallery.

MON 30 CTR PRESENTS SHINDIG SEM-FINALS AT THE RAILWAY CLUB WITH DARKEST OF THE HELIXES THROCKIES, MOVIELAND, AND THE WOO WOOS. 12 Minde's Gunkland continues at the Smack Gallery.

VENUES VENUES VENUES VENUES VENUES

Alma Street Cafe • 2505 Alma (at Broadway)
Backstage • Ballard, Seattle
Cafe Bergman • 52 Powell Street (Gastown)
Cafe Django • 1184 Denman Street (at Davie)
Commodore Ballroom • 870 Granville Street (Granville Mall)
Cruel Explanant • 23 West Cordova Street (Gastown)
86 Street • Plaza of Nations (BC Enterprise Centre)
Glasse Slipper • 185 East 11th Avenue (at Main)
Isadora's • 1540 Old Bridge (Granville Island)
Latin Quarter • 1305 Commercial Drive
Maximum Blues Pub • 1176 Granville Street (at Davie)
Nippy Dugout • 1248 Seymour (at Davie)
Paradise Cinema • 919 Granville Street (Granville Mall)
Park Theatre • 3440 Cambie Street
PIR Pub • basement, Student Union Building (UBC)
Queen Elizabeth Theatre • Hamilton at Georgia Street
Railway Club • 579 Dundas Street (at Seymour)
Ridge Cinema • 3131 Arbutus at 16th
Sandy Cove • 1554 Marine Drive, West Vancouver
Smack Gallery • 160 West Cordova Street (at Cambie)
Speedy O'Tulbs • Fairview, Bellingham
Starlight Cinema • 935 Denman Street
Town Pump • 66 Water Street (Gastown)
Vancouver East Cultural Centre • 185 Venables Street (at Victoria)
Varsity Theatre • 4375 West 10th Avenue
Waterfront Theatre • 1405 Anderson Street (Granville Island)
Western Front • 303 East 8th Avenue
WISE Club • 1882 Adanac Street (At Victoria)
Yale • 1300 Granville (at Drake)

THE BLANK GENERATION

THAT DRUMMER MUST BE CONCENTRATING REALLY



HUH? WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?



LOOK AT MY HEAD. MY MOUTH HANGS OPEN.



THE WAY GIRLS DO WHEN THEY PUT ON MASCARA.



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TUNE IN

TO A BLAST OF
NEW "INDIE"
RELEASES
AT ZULU

Sebadoh

14.98cd / 9.98cass

* Smash Your Head... IMPORT

As the bible says, "Seek and ye shall find". In the past, finding material from this band was a long series of "seba-who?", even though they've had 13 releases on various tiny labels since their inception in 1985. This new release on Sub-Pop will change that and bring Sebadoh's unique personal take on music to the wide audience they deserve.



Gas Food Lodging

14.98cd / 9.98cass

* (soundtrack) IMPORT

Technically not an independent release, but it features 11 instrumental tracks by the man that practically defines indie rock — J Mascis of Dinosaur Jr. In addition, there is music from Nick Cave, Barry Adamson, Renegade SoundWave, Velvet Monkeys and others, for a whopping total of 28 tracks. The movie will feature Ione Skye, Fairuza Balk, and Brooke Adams when it hits the theatres in Jan. or Feb. of next year.



Royal Trux

12.98cd / 8.98cass

* Royal Trux IMPORT

The enigmatic Royal Trux are both one of underground's most critically acclaimed and most reviled musical groups in recent memory. They are poised to break out of their obscurity now, in the same way that Sonic Youth did with their 1987 'Sister' LP. Swinging from Rolling Stone-ish riff-rock to full-out noise to acoustic introspection, the Royal Trux have carved out a record that remains true to their notorious past and looks boldly to the future.



Thursday November 19
The Cruel Elephant
Go!



D.R.I.

14.98cd / 9.98cass

* Definition

Hey, do you remember that time D.R.I. played the old Arts Club? They played for 20 minutes and did 36 songs. No kidding. They definitely earned the title "world's fastest band". Now witness the rebirth (jazz odyssey? okay, maybe not!) — the new slower, heavier D.R.I. are back with their first new record since "Thrash Zone". Ben Hoffman says buy it now before Fringe goes under and you have to kiss it, and all those UK's and Dangle Abortions reissues, goodbyes. Catch them live with Testament at the New York Theatre on November 4th.

Jesus Lizard

12.98cd / 8.98cass

* Liar

Whoa baby, they're back! They're returning to the Cruel Elephant on November 6 and into the record bins as we speak... and let me say, they are in fine form. Picking up where the fabulous "Goat" left off, "Liar" provides plenty of cheap thrills and hot action from David Yow and Co. Trust me on this one — if Canada Customs has their way, that's going to get even more difficult to come by in the future.

Big Black

IMPORT 38.98

* Pigpile Box Set

Perhaps one of the most influential American bands of the past ten years, Chicago's Big Black were one of the pioneers of the industrial/hardcore sound that can now be heard in bands like Ministry, Tar, Helmet, etc. Along with the re-release of the Big Black back catalogue, a live album of their last ever UK performance entitled "Pigpile" has been released. This limited edition box set contains the vinyl version of the album, the video of the album, a T-shirt, a limited edition single, and a poster. This box set is limited to 1000 copies — once we sell out of the few copies we can get, we won't see it again!

Mudhoney

16.98cd / 9.98cass

* Piece of Cake

You know who they are and where they're from, but let's try to look past that and recognize that this is a mighty fine slab of rock'n'roll. Do I have to say the words? It's a... great record. You'll really enjoy it. Yeah, they did a song on the "Singles" soundtrack — so what? Okay, I give up... it's grunge rock from Seattle. There, I said it. Now will you buy it?

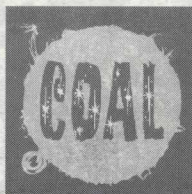
COAL

NEW ON ZULU RECORDS!

14.98cd / 9.98cass

Zulu Records brings to you the stellar self-titled debut release by Vancouver's COAL. The band's "ethereal lounge music" combines sultry vocals with haunting melodies to create a slow burning groove. Coal create eerie yet gripping music, rather like a psychedelic country-blues. Watch for the video — "No Angel".

COAL is also available at Track, Scratch, Black Swan, and A&B Sound



SALE PRICES IN EFFECT FOR THE
MONTH OF NOVEMBER 1992